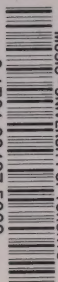


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ONE HUNDRED ENGLISH FOLKSONGS

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ONE HUNDRED ENGLISH FOLKSONGS

EDITED BY CECIL J. SHARP

FOR MEDIUM VOICE

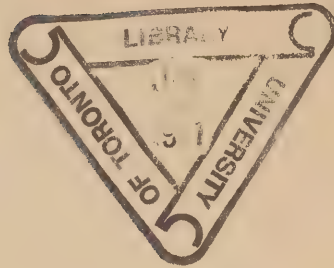


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TO
MRS. JAMES JACKSON STORROW

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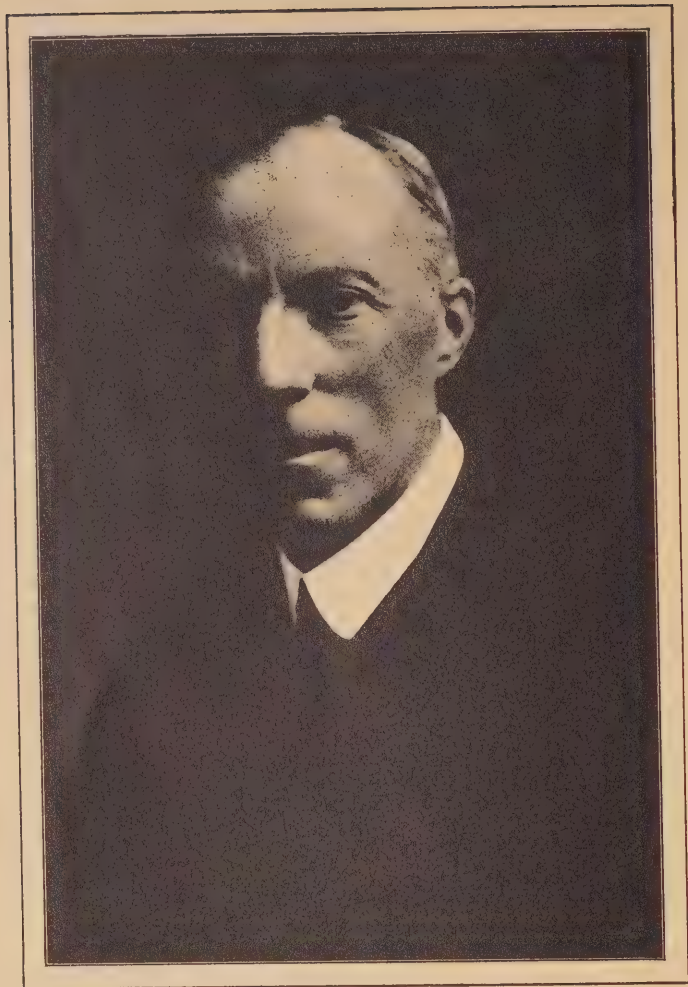
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Cecil Sharp

ONE HUNDRED ENGLISH FOLKSONGS



THE first serious and sustained attempt to collect the traditional songs of the English peasantry was made by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould some thirty years ago in the West of England. It is true that the Rev. J. Broadwood had made a small collection of Sussex songs and published them privately among his friends as far back as 1843, and that Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* (1877) and *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (1882) had both previously been given to the public; nevertheless, the issue in 1889 of the First Part of *Songs and Ballads of the West* marked, I think, the real starting-point of the movement, which has had for its aim the systematic collection and publication of the folk-music of England. Prior to that date the knowledge that folksongs existed in this country was confined to very few, and it was popularly assumed that the English peasant was the only one of his class in Europe who had failed to express himself spontaneously in song and dance. How, in the face of the facts which have since been brought to light, such an amazing misconception could have obtained credence and escaped disproof is an enigma which has never been properly solved. Happily, this grotesque error was exposed before it was too late to make amends for the contemptuous neglect with which our predecessors had treated their national musical heritage. A few years later, with the passing of the last survivors of the peasant class, it would have been quite impossible to have recovered anything of real value, and the products of a great peasant art would have been irrevocably lost. It may be thought that, owing to the late hour at which the interest in our folk-music came ultimately to be aroused, it is but a shrunk harvest that has been garnered. But I do not think this is so. That the postponement has added very materially to the difficulties of the collector—by compelling him, for instance, to take down his songs from aged and quavering throats instead of from young, fresh-voiced sing-

ers—is, of course, true enough. Nevertheless, I do not think that this has appreciably affected either the quality or the abundance of the recoveries. Indeed, our belated conversion has even had some actual advantages. For the investigations have thereby come to be made at a period when the scientific spirit is abroad, and consequently the work has been conducted with thoroughness, accuracy, and honesty of purpose. And this is scarcely the way in which it would have been done a century or more ago. For the 18th century musician had other notions, and was little disposed to trouble himself with ethical considerations where the collecting of the people's music was concerned. Fortunately, the present day collector has set up a very different standard, and has realized that his first and chief obligation is to record just what he hears, no more and no less, and that the æsthetic as well as the scientific value of his work depends wholly upon the truthfulness and accuracy of his transcriptions. And if the investigations have throughout been conducted in this spirit—and it is a claim that may, I think, justly be made—this is owing in no small degree to the influence exercised by the Folk-Song Society (founded in 1898) and the example which, by means of its *Journal*, it has set to collectors.

There are two theories respecting the origin of the folksong. Some hold that folksongs were composed in the past by individuals, just like other songs, and have been handed down to us more or less *in-correctly* by oral tradition; that they were the fashionable and popular songs of a bygone day, the compositions of skilled musicians, which found their way into the country villages and remote neighborhoods where, although long forgotten in the towns and cities of their origin, they had since been preserved. To put it in another way, the folksong, it is contended, is not a genuine wild flower, but, in the jargon of the botanist, a "garden-escape."

The opponents of this school, however, impressed by the fact that the essential characteristics of the folksong—its freshness, spontaneity, naturalness, and unconventionality—are the very qualities which are conspicuously absent from the popular song-music of the past, maintain that folksongs are the products not of the individual, but of a people or community, and that we are indebted to the process of oral tradition not merely for preserving them, but for moulding, developing, and, in a sense, creating them as well.

This is not the occasion to enter into a lengthy discussion upon an abstruse and highly controversial question of this sort. Suffice it to say that the writer is a stout upholder of the communal theory of origin; that he believes that the nature of the folksong and its history can be satisfactorily explained only on that hypothesis; that the most typical qualities of the folksong have been laboriously acquired during its journey down the ages, in the course of which its individual angles and irregularities have been rubbed and smoothed away, just as the pebble on the seashore has been rounded by the action of the waves; that the suggestions, unconsciously made by individual singers, have at every stage of the evolution of the folksong been weighed and tested by the community, and accepted or rejected by their verdict; and that the life history of the folksong has been one of continuous growth and development, always tending to approximate to a form which should be at once congenial to the taste of the community and expressive of its feelings, aspirations, and ideals.

The careful preservation of its folk-music is to a nation a matter of the highest import. Art, like language, is but a method of human expression, due to the development and specialization of qualities that are natural and inborn. If, therefore, it is to fulfil this function efficiently, it must never be divorced from, but must always faithfully reflect, those qualities which are peculiar to the nation from which it proceeds. A nation's music, for instance, must, at every stage of its development, be closely related to those sponta-

neous musical utterances which are the outcome of a purely natural instinct, and which proceed, it will always be found, from those of the community who are least affected by extraneous educational influences—that is, from the folk. The penalty that must inevitably be paid when this principle is ignored is well exemplified by the vicissitudes through which music in England passed after the death of Purcell. Prior to the Restoration, musical England held a proud and foremost position among the nations of Europe, a preëminence, however, which it completely lost in the two following centuries, and has never since regained. This very remarkable change was clearly brought about by, or at any rate synchronized with, the open disparagement—at first by the educated classes, and later on by the musicians themselves—of our native music, and the corresponding exaltation of all that was of foreign manufacture. In other words, music in England, which had hitherto been distinctively and demonstrably English in character, fell from its high pedestal immediately it became divorced from the national tradition.

The collection and preservation of our folk-music, whatever else it has done, has at least restored the Englishman's confidence in the inherent ability of his nation to produce great music. Adverse conditions, political, economic, sociological, or what not, may for a time prevent him from making the fullest use of his national inheritance, and postpone the establishment of a distinctive school of music worthy of the tradition of his country; yet, sooner or later, given favorable conditions, English music will assuredly be reborn and once again assume that position which it held before the Restoration.

The greatest care has been exercised in the selection of the songs for this volume, in order that the collection may be thoroughly representative of the subject and contain one or more examples of each of the chief types of English folksong. With this end in view, it has been found necessary to limit the selection to folksongs proper, and to exclude carols, sea-chanteys, children's games, nursery songs, etc.

It will be seen that more than half of the tunes here presented are cast in one or other of the ancient diatonic modes (excluding the major, or "Ionian"), the forerunners of our modern scales. Hitherto, musicians have regarded these modes as relics of a bygone era, which were employed in the early days of the history of music in default of something better, but were eventually discarded (*circa* 1600) in favor of a scale-system better suited to modern requirements. But the diatonic mode is the natural idiom of the English peasant, not one, be it noted, originally acquired from without, but one which he evolved from his own instinct. That the mode has always been, and is still, his natural vehicle of melodic expression, and that it should not, therefore, be regarded in any way as evidence of antiquity, is shown by the manner in which the folksinger will frequently translate into one or other of the modes the "composed" songs which he takes into his repertory. The modal character of so many folksongs has no doubt brought this question very prominently before musicians. For here we have scores of melodies which, although cast in scales long since discarded by the art-musician, nevertheless throb with the pulse of life and make a strong appeal to modern musical taste and feeling. Manifestly, such tunes as these cannot be quietly dismissed as mediæval survivals and relegated, as such, to the lumber room. They reveal, rather, a new species of melody suggesting many possibilities to the composer of the present day.

The modes commonly used by the English peasant are the Æolian (typified by the white-note scale of A), the Dorian (white-note scale of D), and the Mixolydian (white-note scale of G). The Phrygian (E) and the Lydian (F) he uses but rarely; a dozen tunes in the former mode and less than half that number in the latter are, perhaps, as many as English collectors have as yet unearthed. Of the songs in this collection, twenty-seven are in the Æolian mode, twenty in the Dorian, and nine in the Mixolydian, while four, though modal, are irregular and cannot be concisely classified.

What form the ideal accompaniment to a folksong should take is a question upon which many divergent views may legitimately be held. With the purist, a simple solution is to dispense with an accompaniment altogether, on the ground that it is an anachronism. But this is surely to handicap the folk-tune needlessly and to its detriment. For just as it takes an artist to appraise the value of a picture out of its frame, so it is only the expert who can extract the full flavor from an unharmonized melody. Musically, we live in a harmonic age, when every one, consciously or subconsciously, thinks in chords; when even the man in the street is under the influence—if only he knew it—of the underlying harmonies of the popular air he is whistling. And herein lies one of the fundamental distinctions between folk and art-song. The former, in its purest form, being the product of those in whom the harmonic sense is dormant, is essentially a non-harmonic tune; whereas the latter, of course, is demonstrably constructed upon a harmonic basis.

If, then, the need of an instrumental setting to the folksong be granted, we have next to consider what is its ideal form; and this, likewise, is largely a matter of individual taste. Sir Charles Stanford, for instance, advocates a frankly modern treatment. "The airs," he says, "are for all time, their dress must vary with the fashion of a fraction of time." Personally, I take a different view—and Sir Charles admits that there are two sides to the question. For it seems to me that of the many distinctive characteristics of the folk-air one of the most vital—at any rate, the one I would least willingly sacrifice—is that which makes it impossible to put a date or assign a period to it, which gives to the folk-air the quality of permanence, makes it impervious to the passage of time, and so enables it to satisfy equally the artistic ideals of every age. Now, if we follow Sir Charles Stanford's advice and frankly decorate our folk-tunes with the fashionable harmonies of the day, we may make very beautiful and attractive music,—as Sir Charles has undoubtedly done,—but we shall effectually rob them of their most characteristic folk-qual-

ities, and thereby convert them into art-songs indistinguishable from the "composed" songs of the day.

Surely, it would be wiser to limit ourselves in our accompaniments to those harmonies which are as independent of "period" as the tunes themselves, for example, those of the diatonic genus, which have formed the basis and been the mainstay of harmonic music throughout its history, and upon which musicians of every age and of every school have, in greater or less degree, depended; and further, seeing that the genuine folk-air never modulates, never wavers from its allegiance to one fixed tonal centre, to avoid modulation, or use it very sparingly. Personally, I have found that it is only by rigidly adhering to these two rules—if I may so call them—that I have been able to preserve the emotional impression which the songs made upon me when sung by the folksingers themselves. This, at any rate, is the theoretic basis upon which the accompaniments in this volume have been constructed.

After what has been said above with regard to the "editing" of folk-music, it is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to remark that the tunes in this volume are presented precisely as they were originally taken down from the lips of the singers, without any alteration whatsoever. Logically, the words should be accorded the same treatment. But this, unhappily, it is not always possible to do. Indeed, it has reluctantly to be confessed that owing to various causes—the doggerel broadside-versions of the songs that have been disseminated throughout the country for the past several centuries; lapse of memory; corruptions arising from the inability of the singer to understand words and phrases which have

come to him from other parts of the country; the varying lengths of the corresponding lines of the several stanzas of the same song; the free and unconventional treatment of some of the themes, etc.,—the words of many of the songs are often very corrupt, and sometimes unintelligible. It has therefore been necessary to make alterations in the words of many of the songs in this volume. Although archaic words and expressions have been retained, no attempt has been made to preserve local peculiarities of speech, it being the custom among folksingers to use each his own particular dialect. I have only to add that whenever alterations have been made in the text, the fact is mentioned in the notes.

Before bringing these remarks to a conclusion, it is necessary to say something about the singing of folksongs. Traditionally, folksongs are sung not only without gesture, but with the greatest restraint in the matter of expression; indeed, the folksinger will usually close his eyes and observe an impassive demeanor throughout his performance. All who have heard him sing in this way will, I am confident, bear witness to the extraordinary effectiveness of this unusual mode of execution.

Artistically, then, it will, I think, be found that the most effective treatment to accord to the folksong is to sing it as simply and as straightforwardly as possible, and, while paying the closest attention to the clear enunciation of the words and the preservation of an even, pleasant tone, to forbear, as far as may be, from actively and deliberately attempting to improve it by the introduction of frequent changes of time, crescendos, diminuendoes, and other devices of a like character.

NOTES ON THE SONGS

No. 1. *Henry Martin*

VERSIONS of this ballad, with tunes, are in Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes* (p. 30); in *Songs of the West* (No. 53, 2d ed.); and in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 162).

The words are on a Catnach broadside; and, in Percy's *Reliques*, there is a long and much edited ballad, called "Sir Andrew Barton," with which, however, the traditional versions have nothing in common.

In *English and Scottish Ballads*, Child prints the versions in *Traditional Tunes* and *Songs of the West*, and gives, in addition, four other sets—one from Motherwell's MS., two traditional copies obtained from residents in the United States, and a Suffolk fragment contributed by Edward Fitzgerald to *Suffolk Notes and Queries* (*Ipswich Journal*, 1877-78).

In these several versions, the hero is variously styled Henry Martin, Robin Hood, Sir Andrew Barton, Andrew Bodee, Andrew Bartin, Henry Burgin, and Robertson.

Child suggests that "the ballad must have sprung from the ashes of 'Sir Andrew Barton' (Percy's *Reliques*), of which name 'Henry Martin' would be no extraordinary corruption." The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in his note to the ballad in *Songs of the West*, differs from this view and contends that the Percy version is the ballad "as recomposed in the reign of James I, when there was a perfect rage for re-writing the old historical ballads."

I am inclined to agree that the two versions are quite distinct. "Sir Andrew Barton" deals with the final encounter between Barton and the King's ships, in which Andrew Barton's ship is sunk and he himself killed; whereas the traditional versions are concerned with a piratical raid made by Henry Martin upon an English merchantman. It is true that in *Songs of the West*, Henry Martin receives his death wound, but, as Child points out, this incident does not square with the rest of the story and may, therefore, be an interpolation.

Unlike so many so-called historical ballads, this one is really based on fact. In the latter part of the 15th century, a Scottish sea-officer, Andrew Barton, suffered by sea at the hands of the Portuguese, and obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the trading-ships of Portugal. The brothers, under pretence of searching for Portuguese shipping, levied toll upon English merchant vessels. King Henry VIII accordingly commissioned the Earl of Surrey to rid the seas of the pirates and put an end to their illegal depredations. The earl fitted out two vessels, and gave the command of them to his two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard. They sought out Barton's ships, the *Lion* and the *Union*, fought them, captured them, and carried them in triumph up the river Thames on August 2, 1511.

I have noted down in different parts of England no less than seventeen variants of this ballad, and from the several sets of words so collected the lines in the text—practically unaltered—have been compiled.

The air is in the Dorian mode.

No. 2. *Bruton Town*

THE tune, which is a very striking one, is in the Dorian mode. The singer varied the last phrase of the melody in four different ways (see *English Folk Song: Some Conclusions*, p. 23). For two other versions of this ballad, "Lord Burlington's Sister" and "In Strawberry Town," see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, p. 42; volume v, pp. 123-127), where the ballad has received a very searching analysis at the hands of Miss Lucy Broadwood. It will be seen that the story is the same as that of Boccaccio's "Isabella and the Pot of Basil" in the *Decameron*, and of Keats's poem of the same name. It is true that "Bruton Town" breaks off at the wiping of the dead lover's eyes, and omits the gruesome incident of the planting of the head in the flower-pot; yet up to that point the stories are nearly identical. The song was popular with the minstrels of the Middle Ages, and was made use of by

Hans Sachs, who derived his version from "Cento Novelli," a translation of the *Decameron* by Steinhöwel (1482). Hans Sachs names his heroine *Lisabetha* and retains the Italian tradition that Messina was the town where the rich merchant and his family dwelt. It is interesting to observe that this ballad is one of the very few that succeeded in eluding the notice of Professor Child.

The words of both the versions that I have collected were very corrupt, so that the lines given in the text have received some editing. For the original sets the student is referred to the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, quoted above.

No. 3. *The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter*

Two versions of this ballad, under the above title, are in the *Roxburghe Collection* and in Percy's *Reliques*. Percy states that his version is "given from an old black-letter copy with some corrections," and that it was popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it." The fifth verse is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of *The Pilgrim* (1621).

Buchan gives two traditional forms of the ballad, "Earl Richard, the Queen's Brother," and "Earl Lithgow" (volume ii, pp. 81-91, ed. 1828). See also Motherwell's *Minsirelsy* (p. 377); Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland* (volume i, p. 184); and Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads* (pp. 15 and 25).

Kinloch says: "The Scottish language has given such a playful *naïveté* to these ballads that one would be apt to suppose that version to be the original, were it not that the invariable use of English titles, which are retained in all Scottish copies, betrays the ballad to have emanated from the south, although it has otherwise assumed the character of a northern production."

I have collected several variants of this ballad, four of which may be seen in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume v, pp. 86-90). For two other versions see the third volume of the same publication (pp. 222 and 280).

The words in the text have been compiled from the several sets in my possession. With the

exception of the lines in the second stanza, they are printed practically without alteration.

No. 4. *Robin Hood and the Tanner*

THIS was sung to me by a blind man, eighty-two years of age, who told me that he learned it when a lad of ten, but that he had not sung it, or heard it sung, for forty years or more. He varied the several phrases of the tune, which is in the Dorian mode, in a very free and interesting manner (see *English Folk Song: Some Conclusions*, p. 21). I have chosen from these variations those which seemed to me to be the most characteristic. Except for one or two minor alterations, the words are given in the text precisely as they were sung to me.

The Robin Hood ballads, which, centuries ago, were extremely popular (although they were constantly denounced by the authorities), are now but rarely sung by the country folk. Those that have recently been collected are printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, pp. 144 and 247; volume ii, p. 155; volume iii, pp. 61 and 268; and volume v, p. 94).

The words in the text follow with astonishing accuracy the corresponding stanzas of a black-letter broadside, which formerly belonged to Anthony à Wood, and is now preserved in the Bodleian Library. A copy of this broadside is printed in Ritson's *Robin Hood*, by Child (No. 126), and also on two 17th century Garlands. The full title on the black-letter is:

"Robin Hood and the Tanner; or, Robin Hood
"met with his Match. A merry and pleasant
"song relating the gallant and fierce combat
"fought between Arthur Bland, a tanner of Not-
"tingham, and Robin Hood, the greatest and
"noblest archer in England. Tune is, Robin
"Hood and the Stranger."

The first verse runs:

*In Nottingham there lives a jolly tanner
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
His name is Arthur-a-Bland,
There is never a squire in Nottinghamshire
Dare bid bold Arthur stand.*

Ritson gives a tune which, however, bears no resemblance to the Somerset air, in the text.

Robin Hood is said to have been born in Locksley in Nottinghamshire about 1160, in the reign of Henry II. He was of noble blood, and his real name was Robert Fitzooth, of which Robin Hood is a corruption. He was commonly reputed to have been the Earl of Huntingdon, and it is possible that in the latter years of his life he may have had some right to the title. He led the life of an outlaw in Barnsdale (Yorks), Sherwood (Notts), and in Plompton Park (Cumberland), and gathered round him a large number of retainers. His chief lieutenants were Little John, whose surname is believed to have been Nailor; William Scadlock (Scathelock or Scarlet); George-a-Green, pinder or pound keeper of Wakefield; Much, a miller's son; and Friar Tuck. It is said that he died in 1247, at the age of eighty-seven, at the Kirkleys Nunnery in Yorkshire, whither he had gone to be bled, and where it is supposed that he was treacherously done to death.

The Robin Hood ballads were no doubt founded upon the French *trouvère*-drama, "Le Jeu de Robin et Marion," which, in its turn, was only a dramatized version, largely etiological, of the Nature myth, Robin and Maid Marian being the lineal descendants of the King and Queen of the May-day ceremonies. In this connection it is interesting to note that country singers invariably call "Robin Hood," "Robin o' the 'ood," that is, of the wood.

No. 5. *The Wraggle Taggle Gipsies, O!*

COMPARE this song with "The Gypsy Countess" (*Songs of the West*, No. 50, 2d ed.) and "The Gipsy" (*A Garland of Country Song*, No. 32). A Scottish version of the words is in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* (volume iv); see also "Gypsie Laddie," in Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs* (volume ii, p. 95, ed. 1791). In Finlay's *Scottish Ballads* (1808), the ballad appears as "Johnnie Faa," and in Chambers's *Pictorial of Scotland*, a valiant effort is made, after the manner of Scottish commentators, to provide the story with a historical foundation.

The tune is in the Æolian mode. I have noted no less than eighteen variants.

No. 6. *Lord Bateman*

THIS, again, is a very popular ballad with English folksingers, and I have noted down nineteen different versions of it. The singer of the Æolian tune given in the text was the old man who gave me "Robin Hood and the Tanner," and here again he constantly varied his phrases in the several verses of the song (see *English Folk Song: Some Conclusions*, p. 22). The words that he sang were virtually the same as those printed on broadsides by Pitts, Jackson, and others.

For versions of this ballad, with tunes, see *English County Songs* (p. 62); Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes* (p. 32); *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (p. 64); the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 240; volume iii, pp. 192-200); *Sussex Songs* (p. 43); Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads* (p. 260 and appendix); *English Folk Songs for Schools* (No. 11); and George Cruikshank's *Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*.

For words only, see Jamieson's *Popular Ballads* (volume ii, p. 17); Garret's *Newcastle Garlands* (volume i); and the broadsides above mentioned. The ballad is exhaustively analyzed in Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* ("Lord Beichan," No. 53).

The story of Lord Bateman, Beichan, or Bekie, is very similar to the well-known and ancient legend concerning Gilbert Becket, father of Saint Thomas the Martyr. This has suggested to some the derivation of the ballad from the legend; but Child thinks that this is not so, although he admits that the ballad has not come down to us unaffected by the legend. He points out that there is a similar story in the *Gesta Romanorum* (No. 5, Bohn ed.), of about the same age as the Becket legend; that there are beautiful repetitions of the story in the ballads of other nations; and that it has secondary affinities with "Hind Horn." The hero's name, allowing for different spellings and corruptions, is always the same; but the name of the heroine varies. In ten of the twelve copies of the ballad that Child gives

she is Susan Pye; in two, Isbel or Essels; and in the remaining two, Sophia, as in the text.

No. 7. *Barbara Ellen*

THERE is no ballad that country singers are more fond of than that of "Barbara Ellen," or "Barbarous Ellen," or "Edelin," as it is usually called. I have taken down as many as twenty-seven variants, almost all of which are in 5-time. For other versions of the tune, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, pp. 111 and 265; volume ii, pp. 15-18); Kidson's *Traditional Tunes* (p. 39); Rimbault's *Musical Illustrations to Percy's Reliques* (p. 98); Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* (volume i, pp. 86-88); and Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music* (p. 79). The well-known Scottish tune was first printed in 1740. The ballad is in Child's collection, where many versions and notes may be found.

No. 8. *Little Sir Hugh*

VERSIONS of this ballad, with tunes, may be found in Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes* (p. 46); Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* (p. 51, tune No. 7); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 264); and in Rimbault's *Musical Illustrations of Percy's Reliques* (pp. 3 and 46). For versions without tunes, see Percy's *Reliques* (volume i, p. 27); Herd's *Scottish Songs* (volume i, p. 157); Jamieson's *Popular Ballads* (volume i, p. 151); *Notes and Queries* (Series 1); and Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* (No. 155).

The story of this ballad is closely connected with that of the carols "The Bitter Withy" and "The Holy Well" (see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, volume iv, pp. 35-46).

The events narrated in this ballad were supposed to have taken place in the 13th century. The story is told by a contemporary writer in the *Annals of Waverley*, under the year 1255. Little Sir Hugh was crucified by the Jews in contempt of Christ with various preliminary tortures. To conceal the act from the Christians, the body was thrown into a running stream, but the water immediately ejected it upon dry land. It was then buried, but was found above ground

the next day. As a last resource the body was thrown into a drinking-well; whereupon, the whole place was filled with so brilliant a light and so sweet an odor that it was clear to everybody that there must be something holy in the well. The body was seen floating on the water and, upon its recovery, it was found that the hands and feet were pierced with wounds, the forehead lacerated, etc. The unfortunate Jews were suspected. The King ordered an inquiry. Eighteen Jews confessed, were convicted, and eventually hanged.

A similar tale is told by Matthew Paris (ob. 1259), and in the *Annals of Burton* (13th or 14th century). Halliwell, in his *Ballads and Poems respecting Hugh of Lincoln*, prints an Anglo-French ballad, consisting of ninety-two stanzas, which is believed to have been written at the time of, or soon after, the event. No English ballad has been recovered earlier than the middle of the 18th century.

Bishop Percy rightly concludes "the whole charge to be groundless and malicious." Murders of this sort have been imputed to the Jews for seven hundred and fifty years or more; and similar accusations have been made in Russia and other countries of Eastern Europe even in the 19th century—and as late as 1883. Child sums up the whole matter by saying, "These pretended child-murders, with their horrible consequences, are only a part of a persecution which, with all its moderation, may be rubricated as the most disgraceful chapter in the history of the human race."

I have discovered three other versions of this ballad besides the one in this volume. The words in the text have been compiled from these sources. The singer learned the ballad from her mother, who always sang the first two lines as follows:

*Do rain, do rain, American corn,
Do rain both great and small.*

Clearly, "American corn" is a corruption of "In merry Lincoln;" and I hazard the guess that the "Merry-land toun" in Percy's version is but another corruption of the same words.

The tune in the text is a close variant of "Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day" (Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 227).

No. 9. *Geordie*

For other versions with tunes, see *Traditional Tunes* (p. 24); *Folk Songs from the Eastern Counties* (p. 47); *English Traditional Songs and Carols* (p. 32); and *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 164; volume ii, pp. 27 and 208; volume iii, p. 191).

The tune here given is modal, and, lacking the sixth of the scale, may be either Dorian or Æolian; it is harmonized as though it were the latter.

Child gives many versions and exhaustive notes.

Buchan (*Ancient Ballads and Songs*, volume i, p. 133) prints a version, "Gight's Lady," and suggests that the ballad "recounts an affair which actually took place in the reign, or rather the minority, of King James VI. Sir George Gordon of Gight had become too familiar with the laird of Bignet's lady, for which the former was imprisoned and likely to lose his life, but for the timely interference of Lady Ann, his lawful spouse, who came to Edinburgh to plead his cause, which she did with success—gained his life, and was rewarded with the loss of her own, by the hand of her ungrateful husband." The version in the text cannot, however, refer to this incident.

Kinloch (*Ancient Scottish Ballads*) agrees that "Geordie" was George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, and that the incident related in the ballad "originated in the factions of the family of Huntly, during the reign of Queen Mary." Motherwell, on the other hand, says that in some copies the hero is named George Luklie. In Ritson's *Northumberland Garland* (1793), the ballad is described as "A lamentable ditty made upon the death of a worthy gentleman, named George Stoole."

James Hogg (*Jacobite Relics*) prints another version, and in the *Straloch Manuscripts* (early 17th century), there is an air entitled "God be wi' thee, Geordie."

The words are on broadsides by Such and others.

No. 10. *Lady Maisry*

For other versions of the words only of this ballad, see Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* (p. 71), and Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (No. 65); and of the words with tunes, the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 43; volume iii, pp. 74 and 304).

In the Scottish ballad, Lady Maisry rejects the Northern lords, who come to woo her, and enters into an illicit connection with an English nobleman, Lord William. During the absence of the latter, the brothers of Lady Maisry discover her secret and make preparations to burn her. She dispatches in hot haste a messenger to apprise Lord William of her danger. He hastens home to find her at the point of death. He swears to avenge her by burning her kinsmen, and

*The last bonfire that I come to
Myself I will cast in.*

The first part of the story is omitted in this version, while the last four verses recall the ballad of "Lord Lovel," rather than that of "Lady Maisry."

The tune is in the Æolian mode.

No. 11. *The Outlandish Knight*

CHILD, speaking of this ballad (*English and Scottish Ballads*, No. 4), remarks: "Of all the ballads this has perhaps obtained the widest circulation. It is nearly as well known to the southern as to the northern nations of Europe. It has an extraordinary currency in Poland."

This ballad is widely known throughout England, and I have taken it down no less than thirty-six times. Although very few singers could "go through" with it, I have recorded several fairly complete sets of words, from which that given in this book has been compiled. As a rule the versions vary but little, although I have heard only one singer sing the seventh and eighth stanzas of the text. One singer, however, used the word "croppèd," instead of the more usual "droppèd," in the ninth stanza, and this may have been a reminiscence of the "nettle" theme. None of the printed copies contain these verses except one in

the *Roxburghe Collection*, in which the following lines occur:

*Go fetch the sickle, to crop the nettle,
That grows so near the brim;
For fear it should tangle my golden locks,
Or freckle my milk-white skin.*

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has collected a similar verse in Devonshire.

As "May Colvin," the ballad appears in Herd's *Scottish Songs* (volume i, p. 153), in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* (p. 67, tune 24), and in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland* (volume ii, p. 45). Buchan also gives a second version of the ballad entitled "The Gowans sae Gay" (volume i, p. 22). In the latter, the hero appears as an elf-knight, and the catastrophe is brought about by the heroine, Lady Isabel, persuading her false lover to sit down with his head on her knee, when she lulls him to sleep with a charm and stabs him with his own dagger. None of the English versions introduce any supernatural element into the story. They all, however, contain the "parrot" verses.

The expression "outlandish" is generally taken to mean an inhabitant of the debatable territory between the borders of England and Scotland. In other parts of England, however, "outlandish" simply means "foreign," i.e., not belonging to the county or district of the singer.

One singer gave me the first verse as follows:

*There was a knight, a baron-knight,
A knight of high degree;
This knight he came from the North land,
He came a-courting me.*

Child points out that the ballad has some affinity with "Bluebeard," and, possibly, also with the story of "Judith and Holofernes" in the Apocrypha.

For versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, p. 282; volume iv, pp. 116-123); *Traditional Tunes* (pp. 26 and 172); *English County Songs* (p. 164); and a Border version in *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (p. 48).

The tune is nearly always in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, and is usually modal. The second air, however, in *Tra-*

ditional Tunes and a variant collected by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould in Devon and printed in *English Folk Songs for Schools*, are both in common measure.

The singer varied his tune, which is in the Dorian mode, in nearly every verse.

No. 12. *The Coasts of High Barbary*

A VERSION of this song, which the Rev. S. Baring-Gould collected in Devonshire, is published in *English Folk Songs for Schools*. I have collected only one other version, the first stanza of which runs thus:

*Two lofty ships of war from old England set sail;
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
One was the Princess Charlotte and the other the
Prince of Wales,
A-coming down along the coasts of Barbary.*

The ballad is evidently related to an old broadside sea-song, which Mr. Ashton reproduces in his *Real Sailor Songs*. It is headed "The Sailor's onely Delight, shewing the brave fight between the George-Aloe, the Sweepstake, and certain Frenchmen at sea," and consists of twenty-three stanzas, the first of which runs:

*The George-Aloe and the Sweepstake, too,
with hey, with hoe, for and a nony no,
O, they were Merchant men, and bound for Safee
and alongst the Coast of Barbary.*

Mr. Ashton thinks that the "ballad was probably written in the latter part of the sixteenth century," and he points out that it is quoted in a play, "The Two Noble Kinsmen," written by "the Memorable Worthies, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakespeare."

To the six verses which the singer sang to me I have added three others; two from the Devon version (with Mr. Baring-Gould's kind permission), and one—the last one in the text—from the broadside above mentioned.

The third phrase of the tune, which is in the Æolian mode, is not unlike the corresponding phrase of "When Johnny comes Marching Home Again." Compare, also, "Whistle, Daughter, Whistle" (No. 59).

No. 13. *The Cruel Mother*

THE story, which is not quite clear in this version, is of a woman who contracts an illicit alliance with her father's clerk, and secretly gives birth to twin babes "down by the green wood side O." She murders the infants, who afterward appear before her "all dressed in white," that is, as ghosts. They proclaim their identity by calling her "Mother," curse her for her cruelty to them, and say that they live in heaven, but that she will suffer in hell for her misdeeds.

The earliest published form of the ballad is in Herd's *Scottish Songs* (volume ii, p. 237, ed. 1776). Other Scottish versions are given in Motherwell's, Kinloch's, and Buchan's collections; see also "Lady Anne" in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, and "Fine Flowers in the Valley" in Johnson's *Museum* (volume iv, ed. 1792). The tune given in the latter, although quite regular in rhythm, is very similar to the air given here.

Kinloch also quotes a tune which, however, has little or nothing in common with the Mixolydian air in the text.

In the *Percy Papers* there is a version very similar to this one. It begins:

*There was a duke's daughter lived in York,
All alone and alone a,
And she fell in love with her father's clarke,
Down by the green wood side a.*

Child points out that the ballad has affinities with "The Maid and the Palmer," and quotes two Danish ballads which are closely allied to the British song.

Four versions with tunes are printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, p. 109; volume iii, pp. 70-72), the first one of which was recorded by Miss Esther White, of New Jersey, who writes that "lately she heard it again, sung by a poor 'mountain-white' child in the North Carolina Mountains."

No. 14. *The Golden Vanity*

MANY versions of this ballad have been published with tunes, for example, the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 104; volume ii,

p. 244); *English County Songs* (p. 182); *Songs of the West* (No. 64, 2d ed.); Tozer's *Sailors' Songs and Chanties* (No. 15); *Songs of Sea-Labour* (No. 42), etc.

Child (No. 286) reprints a 17th century broad-side version, beginning:

*Sir Walter Raleigh has built a ship
In the Netherlands,
And it is called the Sweet Trinity
And was taken by the false Gallaly,
Sailing in the Lowlands.*

Mr. Ebsworth, in his introduction to the ballad in the *Roxburghe Ballads* (volume v, p. 418), points out that the selfishness and ingratitude displayed by Raleigh in the ballad agreed with the current estimate of his character.

The ballad is still freely sung by English folk-singers, from whom I have noted down twelve different versions.

No. 15. *Lord Thomas of Winesberry*

I HAVE had to omit some of the words which the singer of this version gave me, and to supplement the rest with extracts from the three other variants I have collected. All the tunes that I have noted are of the same straightforward type.

The ballad is very nearly identical with the Scottish ballad of "Lord Thomas of Winesberry," and that is my excuse for appropriating that title. Scottish versions are printed in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads of the North of Scotland* (volume ii, p. 212), and in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads* (p. 89). Kinloch makes an attempt to connect the subject of the ballad with "the secret expedition of James V to France, in 1536, in search of a wife," which seems more ingenious than probable. In Buchan's version Thomas is chamberlain to the daughter of the King of France, who wanted none of her riches, as he had

. . . thirty ploughs and three:
*And four an' twenty bonny breast mills,
All on the water of Dee.*

Under the heading of "Willie o' Winsbury," Child treats the ballad very exhaustively (*English and Scottish Ballads*, No. 100). He gives a

version from Motherwell's MS., in which the curious line, "But a fig for all your land," occurs. Shakspeare uses the same expression, "A fig for Peter" (2 *Henry VI*, Act ii, Sc. 3).

Five verses of this ballad are given in *Notes and Queries* (Series 5, volume vii, p. 387), "as heard sung years ago by a West Country fisherman." As the late Mr. Hammond noted down more than one version in Dorset, the song has evidently taken root in the West of England, where all my versions were collected.

No. 16. *The Green Wedding*

THE words of this ballad were sung to me to a very poor tune. I have, therefore, taken the liberty of mating them to a fine air which was sung to me to some very boisterous, unprintable words, called "The Boatsman and the Tailor." The occasional substitution of a minor for the major third in a Mixolydian tune is quite a common habit with English folksingers, and several examples of this may be seen in this volume (see Nos. 46, 47, and 53 [second version]); but for the major interval to follow the minor almost immediately is both curious and unusual. Miss Gilchrist has pointed out the close connection between "The Green Wedding" and the Scottish ballad "Katherine Janfarie," or "Jaffray," upon which Scott founded his ballad of "Lochinvar" in *Marmion* (see Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*; Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*; Sidgwick's *Popular Ballads of the Olden Time*; and Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1st and 3d editions).

In the Scottish ballad, Katherine is wooed first by the Laird of Lauderdale, who wins her consent, and secondly by Lord Lochinvar "out frae the English border," who, however, omitted to avow his love to Katherine "till on her wedding e'en." The rivals meet at the "wedding house" and, in the fight that ensues, Katherine is carried off by her Scottish lover.

Whether our ballad is a corrupt and incomplete version of the Scottish one, it is difficult to say. Although the two have several lines in common, there is something in the plot of "The Green Wedding" which, despite its obscurity,

seems to indicate a motive which is absent from "Katherine Janfarie." The scheme of our story seems to turn upon the dressing in green of both hero and heroine at the wedding feast, but the purpose of their device is not clear. This, however, presented no difficulty to my singer, who, when I asked him why the hero dressed in green, said, "Because, you see, he had told his true-love to dress in green also;" and when I further inquired why he told her to do this, he said, "Because, of course, he was going to put on a green dress himself"—and there was clearly nothing more to be said!

It is just possible, as Miss Gilchrist observes, that the reference to the green dress may be a reminiscence of "Robin Hood and Allan-a-Dale;" or perhaps it has been suggested by the following stanza which occurs in "Katherine Janfarie:"

*He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's mounted her hie behind himsell,
At her kinsmen speir'd na leave.*

No. 17. *The Briery Bush*

THE lines printed in the text are as the singer of this version sang them, with the exception of the last stanza, which I have borrowed from a variant collected elsewhere. For other versions with tunes, see *English County Songs* (p. 112); and the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume v, pp. 228-235), with a long and exhaustive note.

Under the heading of "The Maid freed from the Gallows," Child (*English and Scottish Ballads*, No. 95) gives several versions and shows that the ballad is very generally known throughout Northern and Southern Europe—nearly fifty versions have been collected in Finland. In the foreign forms of the ballad, the victim usually falls into the hands of corsairs or pirates, who demand ransom, but none of the English versions account in any way for the situation.

Child also quotes another English variant communicated by Dr. Birkbeck Hill in 1890, "as learned forty years before from a schoolfellow who came from the North of Somerset."

This is very much like the version given in the text, the first two lines of the refrain running:

*Oh the briers, prickly briers,
Come prick my heart so sore.*

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in the appendix to Henderson's *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England* (p. 333, ed. 1866), gives a Yorkshire story, "The Golden Ball," which concludes with verses very similar to those of "The Briery Bush." A man gives a ball to each of two maidens, with the condition that if either of them loses the ball, she is to be hanged. The younger, while playing, tosses her ball over a park-paling; the ball rolls away over the grass into a house and is seen no more. She is condemned to be hanged, and calls upon her father, mother, etc., for assistance, her lover finally procuring her release by producing the lost ball.

Child quotes a Cornish variant of the same story, communicated to him by Mr. Baring-Gould.

That the ballad is a very ancient one may be inferred from the peculiar form of its construction—sometimes called the "climax of relatives." The same scheme is used in the latter half of "Lord Rendal" (No. 18), and is one that lends itself very readily to improvisation.

No. 18. *Lord Rendal*

THIS ballad is sung very freely from one end of the island to the other, and I have taken it down at least twenty times.

The words given in the text have been compiled from different sets, but none of them have been altered.

One of the earliest printed versions of this ballad is in Johnson's *The Scots Musical Museum* (1787-1803) under the heading "Lord Ronald my Son;" and that is a fragment only. The "Willy Doo" in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads* (1828) is the same song; see also "Portmore" in the same volume.

Sir Walter Scott, in *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1828), calls it "Lord Randal," and thinks it not impossible "that the ballad may have

originally referred to the death of Thomas Randalph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce and governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh, 1332, at the moment when his services were most needed by his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately impute his death to poison." But, of course, Sir Walter did not know how many countries have the ballad.

A nursery version of the ballad is quoted in Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Ballads*, under the title, "The Croodlin Doo" (Cooing Dove). Jamieson gives a Suffolk variant, and also a translation of the German version of the same song, called "Grossmutter Schlangenkoechin," that is, Grandmother Adder-cook. The German version is like ours in that it attributes the poisoning to snakes, not toads, which is the Scottish tradition. Kinloch remarks: "Might not the Scots proverbial phrase, 'Togie one frogs instead of fish,' as meaning to substitute what is bad or disagreeable, for expected good, be viewed as allied to the idea of the venomous quality of the toad?" Sir Walter Scott quotes from a manuscript Chronicle of England which describes in quaint language how King John was poisoned by a concoction of toads: "Tho went the monke into a gardene, and fonde a tode therin; and toke her upp, and put hyr in a cuppe, and filled it with good ale, and pryked hyr in every place, in the cuppe, till the venom came out in every place; and brought hitt befor the kynge, and knelyd, and said, 'Sir, wassayle; for never in your lyfe dranck ye of such a cuppe.'"

A very beautiful version of the song is given in *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 38. In the note, Mr. Baring-Gould remarks that, not only is the ballad popularly known in England and Ireland, but it has also been noted down in Italy, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Hungary, Bohemia, and Iceland. The ballad is exhaustively dealt with by Child.

The West Country expression "spickit and sparkit" means "speckled and blotched."

For other versions with tunes, see the *Journal*

of the *Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, pp. 29-32; volume iii, p. 43; volume v, pp. 244-248).

No. 19. *Blow away the Morning Dew*

THIS is a shortened form of "The Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy" (Percy's *Reliques*). The words beginning "Yonder comes a courteous knight" are preserved in *Deuteromelia*, 1609, and in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (volume iii, p. 37, ed. 1719). A tune to which this ballad was once sung is to be found in Rimbault's *Music to Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. See also "Blow the winds I ho!" in Bell's *Ballads of the English Peasantry*, and "Blow away ye mountain breezes," in Baring-Gould's *Songs of the West* (No. 25, 2d ed.).

A Scottish version of the words, "Jock Sheep," is given in *The Ballad Book* (Kinloch and Goldsmid, p. 10); and another, "The Abashed Knight," in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs* (volume ii, p. 131). For other versions, see Child's collection. I have secured thirteen variants, one of which was used as a Capstan Chantey.

No. 20. *The Two Magicians*

THIS is, I believe, the only copy of this ballad that has as yet been collected in England. The tune, which, of course, is modern, is a variant of one which was used for a series of humorous songs of the "exaggeration" type that was very popular in the 18th and 19th centuries, of which "The Crocodile" (*English County Songs*, p. 184) is an example.

The words were first printed, I believe, in 1828 in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs* (volume i, p. 24), together with the following comment: "There is a novelty in this legendary ballad very amusing, and it must be very old. I never saw anything in print which had the smallest resemblance to it." It has been necessary to make but one or two small alterations in the words.

Child (*English and Scottish Ballads*, volume i, p. 244) prints Buchan's version and says: "This is a base born cousin of a pretty ballad known all over Southern Europe and elsewhere, and in especially graceful forms in France."

"The French ballad generally begins with a young man's announcing that he has won a mistress, and intends to pay her a visit on Sunday, or to give her an *aubade*. She declines his visit or his music. To avoid him she will turn, e.g. into a rose; then he will turn bee and kiss her. She will turn quail; he sportsman and bag her. She will turn carp; he angler, and catch her. She will turn hare; and he hound. She will turn nun; and he priest and confess her day and night. She will fall sick; he will watch with her or be her doctor. She will become a star; he a cloud and muffle her. She will die; he will turn earth into which they will put her, or into Saint Peter, and receive her into Paradise. In the end she says, 'Since you are inevitable, you may as well have me as another;' or more complaisantly, 'Je me donnerai à toi, puisque tu m'aimes tant.'"

The ballad in varying forms is known in Spain, Italy, Roumania, Greece, Moravia, Poland, and Servia. See the chapter on "Magical Transformations and Magical Conflict," in Clouston's *Popular Tales and Fiction*. I believe there is a similar story in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*.

No. 21. *The Duke of Bedford*

THE singer of this ballad, a native of Sheffield, told me that he learned it from his father, who, in turn, had derived it from his father, and that it was regarded by his relatives as a "family relic" and sung at weddings and other important gatherings. The earlier stanzas of the song are undoubtedly traditional, but some of the later ones (omitted in the text) were, I suspect, added by a recent member of the singer's family, or, possibly, derived from a broadside.

The tune, which is in the Æolian mode, has some affinities with the second strain of "The Cuckoo" (No. 35), an air which is often sung to "High Germany." See also the tune of No. 92 of Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*.

Three Lincolnshire variants collected by Percy Grainger are printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iii, pp. 170-179); while the version in the text is given, with all the words, in the fifth volume of the same publication (p. 79).

Very full notes have been added to these by Miss Lucy Broadwood in an attempt to throw light on the origin of the historical incident upon which the ballad story is founded. Two other versions have been published in *Longman's Magazine* (volume xvii, p. 217, ed. 1890), and in the *Ballad Society's* edition of the *Roxburghe Ballads* (part xv, volume v, ed. 1885).

Professor Child reprinted the first of these in a note upon "The Death of Queen Jane," observing that "one half seemed a plagiarism upon that old ballad," and that the remainder of "The Duke of Bedford" was so "trivial" that he had not attempted to identify this Duke—"any other Duke would probably answer as well." Miss Broadwood has not reached a definite conclusion, but she inclines to the theory that the Duke of the ballad was William De la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk (1396-1450). She admits, however, that there is a good deal of evidence in favor of the Duke of Grafton, son of Charles II, an account of whose death was printed on a broadside, licensed in 1690. She thinks that the ballad given here is probably a mixture of two separate ballads, the more modern of the two (describing hunting) referring to the death of the son of the fourth Duke of Bedford, born in 1739, who was killed by a fall from his horse in 1767. Woburn only came into the possession of the Bedford family after the accession of Edward VI.

The last stanza refers to the popular superstition that the flowing of certain streams, known as "woe-waters," was the presage of coming disaster.

No. 22. *Death and the Lady*

For other versions with tunes, see *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 169; volume ii, p. 137); *Songs of the West* (No. 99, 2d ed.); *English Traditional Songs and Carols* (p. 40); and Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (pp. 164-168).

Chappell points out that this "is one of a series of popular ballads which had their rise from the celebrated *Dance of Death*," and he quotes a very long "Dialogue betwixt an Exciseman and

Death" from a copy in the Bagford Collection, dated 1659 (also given in Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry of England*). There is a tune in Henry Carey's *Musical Century* (volume i, p. 53), set to one of the recitatives in "A New Year's Ode." This is headed, "The melody stolen from an old ballad called Death and the Lady." It is this tune which Chappell prints to the words of "Death and the Lady," from *A Guide to Heaven* (1736). The words of this last version are on a broadside by Evans which I am fortunate enough to possess. It is ornamented with a curious old woodcut of a skeleton holding a scythe in one hand and an hour-glass in the other.

No. 23. *The Low, Low Lands of Holland*

ONE of the earliest copies of this ballad is printed in Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs* (volume ii, p. 2, ed. 1776). It is also in the *Roxburghe* and *Ebsworth Collections* and in Johnson's *Museum*. The ballad appears also in Garlands, printed about 1760, as "The Sorrowful Lover's Regrate" and "The Maid's Lamentation for the Loss of her True Love," as well as on broadsides of more recent date. See also the *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads* (pp. 23-25); the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 97; volume iii, p. 307); and Dr. Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music* (No. 68).

The "vow" verse occurs in "Bonny Bee Hom," a well-known Scottish ballad (Child, No. 92).

The words in the text are virtually as I took them down from the singer. The tune is partly Mixolydian. The word "box" in the third stanza is used in the old sense, that is "to hurry."

No. 24. *The Unquiet Grave, or, Cold Blows the Wind*

THIS ballad, of which I have collected a large number of variants, is widely known and sung by English folksingers. A Scottish version, "Charles Graeme," is in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*; while several traditional versions of the words are printed by Child. Compare the ballad of "William and Marjorie" (Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 186), and versions of the well-known "William and Margaret." For variants

with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, pp. 119 and 192; volume ii, p. 6); *English County Songs* (p. 34); *Songs of the West* (p. 12, 2d ed.); and *English Traditional Songs and Carols* (p. 50). The words of the sixth stanza in the text refer to an ancient belief that a maiden betrothed to a man was pledged to him after his death, and was compelled to follow him into the spirit world unless she was able to perform certain tasks or solve certain riddles that he propounded. In this particular version the position is, of course, reversed, and it is the maiden who lies in the grave. Compare "Scarborough Fair" (No. 74).

No. 25. *The Trees they do grow high*

THE singer varied his tune, which is in the Dorian mode, in a very remarkable way, a good example of the skill with which folksingers will alter their tune to fit various metrical irregularities in the words (see *English Folk Song: Some Conclusions*, p. 25). For versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 214; volume ii, pp. 44, 95, 206, and 274); *Songs of the West* (No. 4, 2d ed.); *English Traditional Songs and Carols* (p. 56); Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* ("Young Craigston"); and Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, volume iv ("Lady Mary Ann"). For some reason or other, Child makes no mention of this ballad. For particulars of the custom of wearing ribands to denote betrothal or marriage, see "Ribands" in Hazlitt's *Dictionary of Faiths and Folk-Lore*.

No. 26. *Lord Lovel*

I DO not know of any publication in which the tune of this ballad is published. I have collected six versions, but only one complete set of words, the one given in the text (with the exception of the last two stanzas). Versions of the words are given in Child (*English and Scottish Ballads*); Bell's *Early Ballads* (p. 134); and Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*.

No. 27. *False Lamkin*

UNDER the heading "Lamkin," Child deals very

fully with this ballad. There is a tradition in Northumberland that Lamkin and his tower were of that county, and Miss Broadwood says that she has seen what is said to be the original tower close to the little village of Ovingham-on-Tyne, "now a mere shell overgrown with underwood."

For other versions with tunes, see Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland* and the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 212; volume ii, p. 111; volume v, pp. 81-84). The ballad given here was collected in Cambridgeshire, in which county it is still very generally known to folksingers.

No. 28. *Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor*

THIS, of course, is a very common ballad. The words are on ballad-sheets and in most of the well-known collections, and are fully analyzed in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*. For versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, pp. 105-108); *English County Songs* (p. 42); Sandys's *Christmas Carols*; *Traditional Tunes* (p. 40); Ritson's *Scottish Songs* (Part iv, p. 228); etc.

The singer assured me that the three lines between the twentieth and twenty-first stanzas were always spoken and never sung. This is the only instance of the kind that I have come across (see *English Folk Song: Some Conclusions*, p. 6).

No. 29. *The Death of Queen Jane*

FOR other versions see Child (No. 170) and the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, p. 221; volume iii, p. 67).

Queen Jane Seymour gave birth to Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI, on October 12, 1537, and died twelve days later. There is no evidence that her death was brought about in the way narrated in the ballad.

No. 30. *Farewell, Nancy*

VERSIONS with tunes are given in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 130; volume ii, pp. 99 and 298); and in Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music* (No. 93).

See also "William and Nancy's parting," in Garret's *Newcastle Garlands* (volume ii).

The tune, a remarkably fine one, is in the Æolian mode, and was sung to me by a woman, seventy-four years of age.

No. 31. *Sweet Kitty*

THE tune, which is in the Dorian mode, was used in Mr. Granville Barker's production of Hardy's "Dynasts," being set to the words, "My Love's gone a-fighting." The words, which are related to those of "Brimbledon Fair" (No. 75), have been compiled from several versions that I have collected.

No. 32. *The Crystal Spring*

I HAVE no variants of this song, nor have I been able to find it on ballad-sheets or in any published collection. I believe the tune to be a genuine folk-melody, though the sequence in the first phrase is unusual. On the other hand, the middle cadence on the third degree of the scale (thus avoiding a dominant modulation) is very characteristic of the folk-tune proper.

No. 33. *The Seeds of Love*

THIS song, which is known to the peasant-folk all over England, is a modernized version of "The Sprig of Thyme," the next number in this collection. According to Whittaker's *History of the Parish of Whalley*, the words were written by a Mrs. Fleetwood Habergam, circa 1689, who, "undone by the extravagance, and disgraced by the vices of her husband," soothed her sorrows by writing of her woes in the symbolism of flowers. But this, of course, is merely a case of "intrusion."

Chappell (*Popular Music of the Olden Time*), who suggests that Mrs. Habergam's lines were originally sung to the tune of "Come open the door, sweet Betty," prints a traditional tune noted down by Sir George Macfarren.

For other tunes set to the same or similar words, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, *Songs of the West*, *Traditional Tunes* (Kidson), *English County Songs*, *Ancient Irish Music*, etc.

The tune printed in the text, with its octave in the penultimate phrase, is an example of a certain type of English folk-air.

No. 34. *The Sprig of Thyme*

ALTHOUGH this and the preceding song probably spring from the same root, it is, I think, quite possible to distinguish them, both tunes and words. "The Sprig of Thyme" is, I imagine, the older of the two. Its tone is usually modal, very sad and intense, and somewhat rugged and forceful in character; while its words are abstract and reflective, and sometimes obscure. On the other hand, the words of "The Seeds of Love," although symbolical, are quite clear in their meaning; they are more modern in their diction, and are usually sung to a bright, flowing melody, generally in the major mode.

For other versions with words, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, p. 288); *Folk Songs from Dorset* (p. 10); and *Songs of the West* (No. 7, 2d ed.).

The words in the text are those that the singer sang me, supplemented from those of other sets in my collection. I used the tune, which is in the Æolian mode, for the "Still music" in Mr. Granville Barker's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Act iv, Sc. 1).

No. 35. *The Cuckoo*

FOR other versions with tunes, see *Folk Songs from Dorset* (No. 11); *Butterworth's Folk Songs from Sussex* (No. 6); *A Garland of Country Song* (No. 1); and Barrett's *English Folk Song* (No. 42).

I have taken down fifteen different versions of this song, but the tune given in the text is the only one that is modal (Æolian). This particular tune is usually associated with the words of "High Germany." Halliwell, in his *Nursery Rhymes* (p. 99), prints a couple of verses in dialect, as follows:

*The cuckoo's a vine bird,
A zengs as a vlies;
A brings us good tidin's,
And tells us no lies.*

*A zucks th' smael birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear;
And the mawre a cries "cuckoo!"
The zummer draws near.*

The words in the text are similar to those given in a Glasgow Garland, "The Sailor's Return."

No. 36. *Blackbirds and Thrushes*

ALTHOUGH I have collected five variants of this song, I do not know of any published version of it. I have had to amend some of the lines that were corrupt.

No. 37. *The Drownea Lover*

FOR other versions with tunes, see *Traditional Tunes* (p. 112); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iii, p. 258); and *Songs of the West* (No. 32, 2d ed.). In a note to the latter, Mr. Baring-Gould states that the earliest copy of the words is in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, under the heading "Captain Digby's Farewell;" and that the song afterward came to be applied—at any rate, in the West of England—to the death of the Earl of Sandwich after the action in Sole Bay in 1673. Mr. Baring-Gould suggests that "Stokes Bay," in the version given in the text, is a corruption of "Sole Bay." In both the other versions above cited, and in another one which I have published (*Folk Songs from Various Counties*, No. 8), the scene is laid in the North of England, the lovers being buried in Robin Hood's Churchyard.

The air is in the Dorian mode. The words are almost exactly as they were sung to me.

No. 38. *The Sign of the Bonny Blue Bell*

THE subject of the ballad is clearly related to "I'm going to be married on Sunday," in Dr. Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music* (No. 17); while the first three lines of the initial stanza are identical with the corresponding lines of another song in the same volume (No. 72). The words are printed on a broadside by Williamson, Newcastle (circa 1850), and two short verses are given by Halliwell in his *Nursery Rhymes* (p. 94).

A country-dance air, which, however, has nothing in common with the tune in the text, is printed by Walsh (1708), and in *The Dancing Master* (volume ii, ed. 1719), under the heading "I mun be marry'd a Tuesday."

The tune in the text is in the Æolian mode.

No. 39. *O Waly, Waly*

I HAVE collected five variants of this song. The words are so closely allied to the well-known Scottish ballad, "Waly, Waly, up the bank" (*Orpheus Caledonius*), that I have published them under the same title. A close variant is to be found in *Songs of the West* (No. 86, 2d ed.) under the heading "A Ship came Sailing." Mr. Baring-Gould, in a note to the latter, points out that the third stanza is in "The Distressed Virgin," a ballad by Martin Parker, printed by J. Coles, 1646-74.

The traditional "Waly, Waly" is part of a long ballad, "Lord Jamie Douglas," printed in the appendix to Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*. Its origin seems very obscure. The tune is given in Rimbault's *Musical Illustrations of Percy's Reliques* (p. 102); in Chambers's *Scottish Songs prior to Burns* (p. 280); and elsewhere.

No. 40. *Green Bushes*

OTHER versions with tunes may be seen in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume v, p. 177); *Songs of the West* (No. 43, 2d ed.); *English County Songs* (p. 170); and *Traditional Tunes* (p. 47). Two stanzas of this song were sung in Buckstone's play, "The Green Bushes" (1845), and, owing to the popularity which this achieved, the complete song was shortly afterward published as a "popular Irish ballad sung by Mrs. FitzWilliam." There are several Irish variants of this tune in the *Petrie Collection* (Nos. 222, 223, 368, 603, etc.), but none of these are downright Mixolydian tunes like the one in the text, which is the form in which the air is usually sung in England. Miss Broadwood and Miss Gilchrist, in notes appended to the version published in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, consider that the words have been affected by those of a "Dialogue in imitation of Mr. H. Purcell—Between a Town

Spark and a Country Lass," 1740. It is difficult to say whether this be so or not, but I think that the phraseology of some of the lines in the text—which are also on broadsides by Disley and Such—shows distinct signs of "editing." Mr. Baring-Gould pronounces the words as "substantially old," "the softening down of an earlier ballad which has its analogue in Scotland," and I suspect that this is the true explanation.

No. 41. *Bedlam*

For other versions with words, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 146; volume ii, pp. 37, 93, and 292; volume iii, pp. 111 and 290); *English County Songs* (p. 71); and *Songs of the West* (No. 92).

For words only, see Garret's *Newcastle Garlands* (volumes i and ii), and Logan's *A Pedlar's Pack of Ballads and Songs* (pp. 172-189).

"Mad songs" are great favorites with English folksingers, and I have collected several examples. The tune in the text is frankly a harmonic melody, chiefly remarkable for its very beautiful final phrase.

No. 42. *The Bold Fisherman*

For other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 138; volume v, pp. 132-135); and *English County Songs* (p. 110).

I have always felt that there was something mystical about this song, and I was accordingly much interested to find that the same idea had independently occurred to Miss Lucy Broadwood, who, in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume v, pp. 132, 133), has developed her theory in a very interesting manner. She believes that the "Bold Fisherman," as it appears on broadsides, is but "a vulgar and secularized transmutation of a mediæval allegorical legend," and points out that the familiar elements of Gnostic and Early Christian mystical literature, for example, "the River, the Sea, the royal Fisher, the three Vestures of Light (or Robes of Glory), the Recognition and Adoration by the illuminated humble Soul, the free Pardon," etc., are all to be found among variants of this ballad. The early

Fathers of the Christian Church wrote of their baptized members as "fish," emerged from the waters of baptism. For a full exposition of this view, however, the reader is referred to the note above mentioned.

I have several variants, and I think in every case the tune is in 5-time. The words in the text have been compiled from the sets given me by various singers.

No. 43. *The Rambling Sailor*

For other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iii, p. 108; volume v, p. 61); and *Songs of the West* (No. 87, 2d ed.). The tune, like the one in the text, is nearly always in the Mixolydian mode, and usually in hornpipe rhythm. The words on the older broadsides were always about a soldier, not a sailor, but on more modern stall copies, the latter is given the preference. The singer could remember only the first two verses; the third has been "lifted" from the broadside.

No. 44. *Dabbling in the Dew*

THIS is a very popular song all over England, and I have taken down a large number of variants. The words, which vary but little, are very free and unconventional. I have therefore taken some of the lines in the text from Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* (p. 35). In some versions, it is "strawberry leaves," not "dabbling in the dew," that "makes the milkmaids fair"—which I am told, though I have not been able to verify it, is the version given in *Mother Goose's Melodies for Children* (Boston, ed. 1719).

The tune is in the Æolian mode.

For other versions with words, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iv, pp. 282-285); *Songs of the Four Nations* (p. 58); *English Folk Songs for Schools* (No. 23); and Butterworth's *Folk Songs from Sussex* (No. 9).

No. 45. *The Saucy Sailor*

OTHER versions with tunes are published in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume v, pp. 343-345); Tozer's *Sailors' Songs* (No. 39); Bar-

rett's *English Folk Songs* (No. 32); *Songs of the West* (No. 21); and *English Folk Songs for Schools* (No. 37).

Dr. Barrett, in a footnote, says that the song was a great favorite with factory girls in the East End of London, where, I am told, it is still to be heard.

That printed in *English Folk Songs for Schools* is undoubtedly the normal form of the tune, which is always in the major, or Mixolydian, mode. The mode in which the air given in the text is cast is the Æolian with a sharpened third, the only instance of this irregular scale that I have ever come across—probably the unconscious invention of the singer who gave me the song. The tune is a variant of the air traditionally associated with "Chevy Chase" (see *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, p. 3, and *Traditional Tunes*, p. 19). Chappell mates the tune to "The Children in the Wood," but states that it was known to be one of the "Chevy Chase" airs.

No. 46. *Fanny Blair*

THE words that I took down from the singer of this song were very corrupt and almost unintelligible. I have therefore substituted lines taken from a Catnach broadside in my possession.

The tune is a very curious one. The singer varied both the seventh and third notes of the scale, sometimes singing them major and sometimes minor in a most capricious manner, so that I can only give the tune in the form in which he most frequently sang it. In *English Folk Song: Some Conclusions* (pp. 71, 72), I have expressed the opinion that in my experience English folksingers very rarely vary the notes of the mode, except, of course, in Mixolydian-Dorian tunes. Mr. Percy Grainger's researches in Lincolnshire, however (*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, volume iii, pp. 147-242), appear to show that this feeling for the pure diatonic scale is not shared by the folksingers of that county.

No. 47. *Arise, arise*

I HAVE taken down four variants of this ballad, but I do not know of any published form of it.

The tune is partly Mixolydian. The words have not been altered, although I have made use of all the sets that I have collected.

No. 48. *Searching for Lambs*

So far as I know, this has not been published elsewhere. The tune is modal, but lacking the sixth of the scale, it may be either Æolian or Dorian—I have harmonized it in the latter mode. The words are almost exactly as they were sung to me. Taking words and tune together, I consider this to be a very perfect example of a folksong.

No. 49. *Green Broom*

FOR other versions with words, see *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (volume vi, p. 100, ed. 1720); *Songs of the West* (No. 10); *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (p. 98); and *English County Songs* (p. 88). The words are on broadsides by Such, Pratt, and others, and also in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*.

No. 50. *The Bonny Lighter-Boy*

I HAVE not heard any one sing this song except the man who gave me this version. Nor do I know of any published form of it. The tune is in the Æolian mode. The words in the text, except for four lines in the first verse which the singer could not remember, are as they were sung to me.

No. 51. *The Sweet Priméroses*

THIS is one of the most common of English folksongs. The words are on broadsides by Baraclough of Nuneaton and others. Variants of the tune are given in Barrett's *English Folk Songs* (No. 46), and in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 21). In the version of the tune given here the rhythm is quite regular, differing in that particular from all other forms of the air that I know. Barrett, in a footnote, states: "This song is usually sung without any attempt to emphasize the rhythm."

The words have been compiled from those supplied to me by several singers.

No. 52. *My Bonny, Bonny Boy*

THE earliest form of the ballad is, perhaps, that which was printed in the reign of Charles II under several titles, "Cupid's Trappan," "The Twitcher," "Bonny, bonny Bird," etc. (Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 555). For other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, pp. 17 and 274; volume ii, p. 82; volume iii, p. 85); *Songs of the West* (No. 106, 2d ed.); *English County Songs* (p. 146); *Folk Songs from Various Counties* (No. 9). The words are also in the *Roxburghe Collection* and printed in black-letter by J. Coles and by W. Thackeray (17th century). Mr. Baring-Gould claims that "bird," not "boy," is the proper reading, and points out that it is so given in the oldest printed version. But Miss Broadwood suggests that an old ballad-title "My bonny *Burd*" (or young girl) may have led to the allegorical use of the bird in later forms of the ballad.

The version given in the text was recovered in London. It was necessary to make one or two slight alterations in the words. The tune, which is in the Æolian mode, contains a passage only rarely heard in folksong, in which several notes are sung to a single syllable (see *English Folk Song: Some Conclusions*, p. 109).

No. 53 a and b. *As I walked through the meadows*

FOR other versions, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, pp. 10-12; volume v, p. 94). A few verbal alterations have been made in the words. The first tune is in the major mode and the second in the Mixolydian with, in one passage, a sharpened seventh.

No. 54. *Erin's Lovely Home*

OTHER versions with tunes are printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 117; volume ii, pp. 167 and 211); and the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society* (Part I, p. 11).

The words are on broadsides by Such and others.

The tune is almost invariably a modal one, either Æolian or, as in the present case, Dorian.

No. 55. *The True Lover's Farewell*

FOR other versions with tunes of this ballad and of "The Turtle Dove," with which it is closely allied, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, p. 55; volume iii, p. 86; volume iv, p. 286).

The song is clearly one of several peasant songs of the same type upon which Burns modelled his "A red, red rose" (see note to the song in *The Centenary Burns* by Henley and Henderson). The old Scottish tune is printed in Johnson's *Museum* under the heading "Queen Mary's Lament." The variants of this very beautiful song that have been recently recovered in the southern counties of England prove beyond doubt that this was the source from which Burns borrowed nearly all his lines. Henderson, indeed, states that a broadside containing one of the versions of this song was known to have been in Burns's possession. Two of the traditional stanzas are included in an American burlesque song, dating from about the middle of the last century, called "My Mary Anne" (see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, volume iii, p. 89; volume iv, p. 288). Three stanzas in the text are similar to corresponding lines in a garland entitled "The true Lover's Farewell," the second of "Five excellent New Songs, printed in the year 1792." The words have been compiled from several traditional sets that I have collected.

The tune is in the Dorian mode.

No. 56. *High Germany*

THERE are two ballads of this name. The words of one of them, that given here, may be found on a broadside by Such and in *A Collection of Choice Garlands, circa 1780*. The second is printed on a Catnach broadside, and is entitled "The True Lovers: or the King's command must be obeyed," although it is popularly known as "High Germany." For versions of both of these, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, p. 25); *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society* (Part I, p. 10); and *Folk Songs from Dorset* (No. 6).

The words have been compiled from different versions. The tune is in the Æolian mode.

No. 57. *Sweet Lovely Joan*

THE only variant of this that I know of is printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 270) and harmonized by Dr. R. Vaughan Williams in *Folk Songs from Sussex* (No. 14). As the singer could give me but five stanzas, I have had to complete his song from a broadside in my possession (no imprint). The tune, which is remarkable for the irregularity of its rhythm, is in the Æolian mode.

No. 58. *My Boy Willie*

A YORKSHIRE version of the words is given by Halliwell in his *Popular Rhymes* (p. 328); and a Scottish variant in Herd's *Scottish Songs* (volume ii, p. 1). See also Baring-Gould's *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes* (No. 24).

The song, I imagine, is a comic derivative, or burlesque, of "Lord Rendal."

No. 59. *Whistle, Daughter, Whistle*

I HAVE taken down two variants of this song, and Joyce prints an Irish version under the heading "Cheer up, cheer up, Daughter," in his *Ancient Irish Music* (No. 26).

The words given me by the singer were a little too free and unconventional to be published without emendation, but the necessary alterations have, nevertheless, been very few and unimportant. The tune is in the Æolian mode.

No. 60. *Mowing the Barley*

FOR other versions, see *Wiltshire Folk Songs and Carols* (Rev. G. Hill); Butterworth's *Folk Songs from Sussex* (No. 4); and *Folk Songs from Various Counties* (No. 4).

No. 61. *I'm Seventeen come Sunday*

THIS ballad, with words re-written by Burns, is in *The Scots Musical Museum* (ed. 1792, No. 397). The tune there given, which is different from ours, is a traditional one, and was recorded by Burns himself from a singer in Nithsdale. Other versions are printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 92; volume ii, pp. 9 and 269); *Songs of the West* (No. 73, 2d ed.); and Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads* (p. 99).

The words, which are on broadsides by Bebbington (Manchester) and Such, have not been altered. The tune is in the Dorian mode.

No. 62. *The Lark in the Morn*

FOR other versions with tunes, see *Folk Songs from the Eastern Counties* (No. 6); *A Garland of Country Song* (No. 27); *Traditional Tunes* (p. 145); and the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, p. 272).

No. 63. *Hares on the Mountains*

THIS is a very popular song in the West of England, but it has not, I believe, been found elsewhere. Similar words are in Sam Lover's *Rory O'More* (p. 101), which Mr. Hermann Löhr has set to music. There is also a tune in the *Petrie Collection* (No. 821), called "If all the young maidens be blackbirds and thrushes," in the same metre as the lines in *Rory O'More*. Probably the song is of folk-origin and was known to Sam Lover, who placed it in the mouth of one of the characters in his novel, adding himself, presumably, the last stanza.

No. 64. *O Sally, my dear*

THIS, of course, is clearly allied to the preceding song. I have collected only two other versions of it. The words of the first three stanzas had, of necessity, to be somewhat altered. The tune is in the Æolian mode.

No. 65. *Gently, Johnny, my Jingalo*

I HAVE taken down only one other variant of this. The words were rather coarse, but I have, I think, managed to re-write the first and third lines of each verse without sacrificing the character of the original song. The singer told me he learned it from his father. I have no doubt but that it is a genuine folksong. The tune is partly Mixolydian.

No. 66. *The Keys of Canterbury*

FOR other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, p. 85); *English County Songs* (p. 32); *Songs of the West* (No. 22,

2d ed.); and Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* (p. 67). Halliwell (*Nursery Rhymes and Tales*, p. 96) quotes a version of the words. The same theme is dramatized in the Singing Game, "There stands a Lady" (*Children's Singing Games*, Set 3, Novello & Co.).

The tune, which is in the Æolian mode, is remarkable in that it is practically constructed upon the first five notes of the scale—the sixth is but once used, and then only as an auxiliary note.

No. 67. *My Man John*

THIS is obviously but an extension of the preceding song in which a third character is introduced. I have taken down four other versions, one of which is printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, p. 88). Mr. Baring-Gould gives the words of yet another variant in his note to "Blue Muslin" (*Songs of the West*, p. 8, 2d ed.), where he also points out that muslin was introduced into England in 1670, and that mouse-line is the old form of the word.

No. 68. *O No, John!*

I HAVE collected several versions of this song. The first stanza is identical with the initial verse of the Singing Game, "Lady on the Mountain" (*Dictionary of British Folk-Lore*, volume i, pp. 320-324). Lady Gomme shrewdly guesses that the game was derived from a ballad, and Mr. Newell, in his *Games and Songs of American Children* (p. 55), prints a version which he also believes to be "an old English song, which has been taken for a ring-game." See also "The Disdainful Lady," in Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore* (p. 561); and "Twenty, Eighteen," in *English County Songs* (p. 90).

The main theme of the song—the daughter's promise to her father to answer "No" to all her suitors during his absence—is not in any of the songs above mentioned. The idea, however, is carried out in "No, Sir!" which the late Miss A. M. Wakefield made very popular some years ago. Miss Wakefield wrote to me: "I first heard something like it from an American governess.

Neither words nor music were at all complete. . . . I wrote it down and it got a good deal altered and I never looked upon it at all as a folk-song," and added that her song was now sung by the Salvation Army, under the title "Yes, Lord!" The song is, of course, closely allied to the two preceding songs. The tune is a variant of the "Billy Taylor" tune (see No. 71). The Shropshire version and the one in *English County Songs* are Dorian and Æolian (?) variants of the same air. The first two stanzas of the text are exactly as they were sung to me; the rest of the lines were coarse and needed considerable revision.

No. 69. *The Brisk Young Bachelor*

THE troubles of married life, from either the husband's or the wife's point of view, form the subject of many folksongs. One of the best and oldest examples is "A woman's work is never done," reproduced in Ashton's *Century of Ballads* (p. 20). I have collected several songs that harp on the same theme, two of which are printed respectively in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume v, p. 65), and *Folk-Songs from Various Counties* (No. 10).

The tune, which is in the Dorian mode, is a fine example of the rollicking folk-air. As the singer's words were incomplete, I have supplemented them with lines from my other versions.

No. 70. *Ruggleton's Daughter of Iero*

THIS song, of which I have only collected one variant, is a version of a very ancient ballad, the history of which may be traced in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* (No. 227), and in Miss Gilchrist's note to "The Wee Cooper of Fife," in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, pp. 223, 224). In some versions the husband is deterred from beating his wife through fear of her "gentle kin." To evade this difficulty he kills one of his own wethers, strips off its skin, and lays it on her back, saying:

*I dare na thump you, for your proud kin,
But well sall I lay to my ain wether's skin.*

(See "Sweet Robin," in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, volume i, p. 319.)

This motive is absent from the present version, of which it may or may not once have formed part. For it is possible to argue that the "wether's skin" motive is an addition, which became attached to an older and simpler form of the ballad. The facts, as they stand, admit of either interpretation.

There is yet a third variation of the story in "Robin-a-thrush (see *English County Songs*, *The Besom Maker*, *English Folk Songs for Schools*, etc.), in which the story is still further curtailed by the omission of the wife-beating episode. In this latter form, it becomes a nursery nonsense-song, which relates in humorous fashion the ridiculous muddles made by a slovenly and incompetent wife. Its connection with "Ruggleton" or "Sweet Robin" is to be inferred from the title and refrain, "Robin-a-thrush," which, as Miss Gilchrist has pointed out, is probably a corruption of "Robin he thrashes her."

I have collected another song which has some affinity with "Ruggleton." Here the husband married his wife on Monday; cut "a twig of holly so green" on Tuesday; "hung it out to dry" on Wednesday; on Thursday he "beat her all over the shoulders and head, till he had a-broke his holly green twig;" on Friday she "opened her mouth and began to roar;" and, finally,

*On Saturday morning I breakfast without
A scolding wife or a brawling bout.
Now I can enjoy my bottle and friend;
I think I have made a rare week's end.*

The same motive is to be found in "The Husband's Complaint," printed in Herd's *Manuscripts*, edited by Dr. Hans Hecht (p. 106).

The words given in the text are almost exactly as they were sung to me. I have, however, transposed the order of the words "brew" and "bake" in the fourth and fifth verses, in order to restore some semblance of a rhyme. Clearly there was some corruption; but whether my emendation is the correct one or not, it is difficult to say. There is a fragment, quoted by Jamieson, in which the verse in question is rendered:

*She wadna bake, she wadna brew,
(Hollin, green hollin),
For spoiling o' her comely hue,
(Bend your bow, Robin).*

There is, too, a version in *The Journal of American Folk-Lore* (volume vii, p. 253), quoted by Child, which is closely allied to the song in the text. In this variant, the following stanza occurs:

*Jenny could n't wash and Jenny could n't bake,
Gently Jenny cried rosemaree;
For fear of dirting her white apurn tape,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.*

No. 71. *William Taylor*

FOR other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 254; volume iii, pp. 214-220); and *Folk Songs from Somerset* (No. 118). No tune is better known to the average English folksinger than this. It is usually in the major or, as in the present case, in the Mixolydian mode, but occasionally (see the versions cited above) in the Dorian or Æolian. A burlesque version of the words, with an illustration by George Cruikshank, is given in the *Universal Songster* (volume i, p. 6). "Billy Taylor" became a very popular street-song during the first half of the last century, and I suspect that it was during that period that the last stanza in the text was added.

No. 72. *Sweet William*

OTHER versions are given in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 99); *English County Songs* (p. 74); and Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* (volume i, p. 248). The song is a very common one and I have noted several variants of it.

No. 73. *The Watchet Sailor*

I HAVE only one variant of this song, "Three-penny Street," and so far as I know it has not been published elsewhere. Compare the tune, which is in the Æolian mode, with that of "Henry Martin" in this collection (No. 1).

No. 74. *Scarborough Fair*

FOR other versions, see *Songs of the West* (No. 48, 2d ed.); *English County Songs* (p. 12); *Traditional*

Tunes (pp. 42 and 172); *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (p. 79); *Folk Songs from Somerset* (No. 64); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 83; volume ii, p. 212; volume iii, p. 274), etc.

This is one of the ancient Riddle Songs, a good example of which occurs in the Wanderer scene in the first act of Wagner's *Siegfried*. In its usual form, one person imposes a task upon his adversary, who, however, evades it by setting another task of equal difficulty, which, according to the rules of the game, must be performed first. In the version given here, the replies are omitted. For an exhaustive exposition of the subject, see Child's "Elfin Knight," and "Riddles wisely expounded," in his *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. See, also, Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads* (p. 145); Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* (Appendix, p. 1); Buchan's *Ancient Ballads of the North of Scotland* (volume ii, p. 296); *Gesta Romanorum* (pp. xl, 124, and 233, Bohn ed.); *Gammer Gurton's Garland*; and Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*. Mr. Baring-Gould's note to the song in *Songs of the West* should also be consulted.

The tune is in the Dorian mode, except for the final and very unusual cadence. The words have been supplemented from those of other traditional versions which I have collected.

No. 75. *Brimbledon Fair, or Young Ramble-Away*

MR. KIDSON prints a major version of this song in his *Traditional Tunes* (p. 150), under the heading "Brocklesby Fair." The words are on a broadside, "Young Ramble Away," by Jackson of Birmingham. The tune is in the Dorian mode.

No. 76. *Bridgwater Fair*

ST. MATTHEW'S FAIR at Bridgwater is a very ancient one, and is still a local event of some importance, although it has seen its best days. The tune, which is partly Mixolydian, is a variant of "Gently, Johnny, my Jingalo" (No. 65), and also of "Bibberly Town" (*Songs of the West*, No. 110, 2d ed.). I have only one other variant of this, from which, however, some of the lines in the text have been taken.

No. 77. *The Crabfish*

A SCOTTISH version of this curious song, "The Crab," is given in *A Ballad Book* by C. K. Sharpe and Edmund Goldsmid (volume ii, p. 10), published in 1824. The footnote states that the song is founded upon a story in *Le Moyen de Parvenir*. Some of the words have been altered.

The tune is in the Mixolydian mode, and was sung to me very excitedly and at break-neck speed, the singer punctuating the rhythm of the refrain with blows of her fist upon the table at which she was sitting.

No. 78. *The Beggar*

THE words of the refrain of this song are very nearly identical with the chorus of "I cannot eat but little meat," the well-known drinking-song in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. This play was printed in 1575 and, until the discovery of *Royster Doyster*, was considered to be the earliest English comedy. Its author was John Still, afterwards, that is, 1592, Bishop of Bath and Wells. The song, however, was not written by him, for Chappell points out that "the Rev. Alex. Dyce has given a copy of double length from a manuscript in his possession and certainly of an earlier date than the play." Chappell furthermore calls attention to the custom of singing old songs or playing old tunes at the commencement, and at the end, of the acts of early dramas. "I cannot eat" has been called "the first drinking-song of any merit in our language."

The words of this Exmoor song, excluding the chorus, are quite different from the version in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. It appears that under the title of "The Beggar and the Queen," they were published in the form of a song not more than a century ago (see *A Collection of English Ballads from beginning of Eighteenth Century*, volume vii, Brit. Mus.). The tune, which is quite different from the one given here, is clearly the invention of a contemporary composer, but there is no evidence to show whether or not the words were the production of a contemporary writer; they may have been traditional verses which happened to attract the attention of some musician.

There is a certain air of reckless abandonment about them which seems to suggest a folk-origin, and they are, at any rate, far less obviously the work of a literary man than are the verses—apart from the refrain—of “I cannot eat.”

In *The Songster's Museum* (Gosport), there is a parody of the above song (chorus omitted), which, in the *Bagford Ballads* (volume i, p. 214), are attributed to Tom Dibdin.

A tune to “I cannot eat” is given in Ritson, and in *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (p. 72), and is a version of “John Dory.” The tune in the text has no relation whatever to that well-known air, nor to any other tune that I know of. In my opinion, it may well be a genuine folk-air.

The singer gave me two verses only, the second and third in the text. The other two are from a version which the Rev. S. Baring-Gould collected in Devon, and which he has courteously allowed me to use. Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has recovered similar words in Dorset, but, like Mr. Baring-Gould, he found them mated to quite a modern and “composed” air.

No. 79. *The Keeper*

THIS is one of the few two-men folksongs. I have several variants of it, but the words of all of them, except this particular one, were so corrupt as to be unintelligible. The words are printed in an old garland, from which the last stanza in the text has been derived. The rest of the words are given as they were sung to me.

No. 80. *The Three Sons*

FOR other versions with tunes, see *English County Songs* (p. 20), and Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* (p. 7).

No. 81. *Jack Hall*

JACK HALL, who had been sold to a chimney-sweep for a guinea, was executed for burglary at Tyburn in 1701. The song must have been written before 1719, for in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (volume ii, p. 182), there is a song, “The Moderator's Dream,” “the words made to a pretty tune, call'd Chimney Sweep,” which is in iden-

tically the same metre as that of “Jack Hall.” A vulgarized edition of the song was made very popular in the middle years of the last century by a comic singer, G. W. Ross.

I have taken down four versions, the tunes of which, with the exception of that given in the text, are all variants of the “Admiral Benbow” air (see No. 87). The metre in which each of these two ballads is cast is so unusual that we may assume that one was written in imitation of the other. As Jack Hall was executed in 1701 and Admiral Benbow was killed in 1702, it is probable that “Jack Hall” is the earlier of the two.

The singer could recall the words of one verse only. The remaining stanzas have been taken from my other versions. The tune is in the Æolian mode.

No. 82. *Driving away at the Smoothing Iron*

I HAVE noted two other versions of this song. The tune is a variant of “All round my hat,” a popular song of the early years of the last century. Chappell, in his *Ancient English Melodies* (No. 126), prints a version of the air and dubs it “a Somersetshire tune, the original of ‘All round my hat.’” I believe it to be a genuine folk-air, which, as in other cases, formed the basis of a street-song.

No. 83. *The Robber*

THE words to which this remarkably fine Dorian air was sung were about a highwayman and his sweetheart, but were too fragmentary for publication. I have wedded the tune to a different, but similar, set of words which another singer sang to a very poor tune.

No. 84. *John Barleycorn*

FOR other versions with tunes of this well-known ballad, see *Songs of the West* (No. 14 and Note, 2d ed.); Barrett's *English Folk Songs* (No. 8); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 81; volume iii, p. 255); and Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland* (volume i, p. 134).

The earliest printed copy of the ballad is of the time of James I.

Versions with words only are given in Dick's *Songs of Robert Burns* (p. 314); *Roxburghe Ballads* (volume ii, p. 327); and Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England* (p. 80). Chappell gives "Stingo or Oil of Barley" as the traditional air; while Dick says it is uncertain whether Burns intended his version of the ballad to be sung to that tune or to "Lull me beyond thee."

It is not easy to express in musical notation the exact way in which the singer sang this song. He dwelt, perhaps, rather longer upon the double-dotted notes than their written value, although not long enough to warrant their being marked with the formal pause. The singer told me that he heard the song solemnly chanted by some street-singers who passed through his village when he was a child. The song fascinated him and he followed the singers and tried to learn the air. For some time afterward he was unable to recall it, when one day, to his great delight, the tune suddenly came back to him, and since then he has constantly sung it. He gave me the words of the first stanza only. The remaining verses in the text have been taken from Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry of England*. The tune, which is in the Æolian mode, is such a fine one that I have been tempted to harmonize it somewhat elaborately. Those who prefer a simpler setting can repeat the harmonies set to the first verse.

No. 85. *Poor Old Horse*

For other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, pp. 75 and 260; volume ii, p. 263); Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* (p. 49); *Songs of the West* (No. 77, 2d ed.); and *Songs of Northern England* (p. 60).

The song was evidently one that was sung during the ceremony of the hobby horse, for example, the Hooden Horse in Kent (see *The Hooden Horse*, by Percy Maylam). A kindred ceremony, also associated with a song, "The Dead Horse," is still celebrated by sailors after they have been a month at sea (*English Folk Chanteys*, p. 73).

The tune is partly Mixolydian.

No. 86. *Botany Bay*

I do not know of any published versions of this song. I made use of the tune in Mr. Granville Barker's production of Hardy's *Dynasts*, setting the words of the "Trafalgar" song to it.

No. 87. *Admiral Benbow*

CHAPPELL (*Popular Music of the Olden Time*, volume ii, pp. 642 and 678) gives two versions of this ballad. The first of these is entirely different from that given in the text; but the words of the second version, which are taken from Halliwell's *Early Naval Ballads of England*, are substantially the same, though set to a different air. The air "Marrinys yn Tiger," in Mr. Gill's *Manx National Songs* (p. 4), is a variant of our tune. Messrs. Kidson and Moffat publish a variant of the first of Chappell's versions in *Minstrelsy of England* (p. 25) with an instructive note. See also Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs* (p. 19).

John Benbow (1653-1702) was the son of a tanner at Shrewsbury. He was apprenticed to a butcher, from whose shop he ran away to sea. He entered the navy and rose rapidly to high command. The ballad is concerned with his engagement with the French fleet, under Du Casse, off the West Indies, August 19-24, 1702. The English force consisted of seven ships, of from fifty to seventy guns. Benbow's ship was the *Breda*. Captain Walton of the *Ruby* was the only one of his captains to stand by him; the rest shirked. The *Ruby* was disabled on August 23, and left for Port Royal. Shortly afterwards Benbow's right leg was shattered by a chain shot. After his wound was dressed, he insisted on being carried up to the quarter-deck, as narrated in the ballad. On the following day, his captains, headed by Captain Kirkby of the *Defiance*, came on board and urged him to discontinue the chase. This they compelled him to do, and he returned to Jamaica, where he at once ordered a court-martial. Captains Kirkby and Wade were sentenced to be shot; Vincent and Fogg were suspended; while Captain Hudson of the *Pendennis* died before the trial. Kirkby and Wade were executed on board the *Bristol*, in Plymouth Sound, on

April 16, 1703. Admiral Benbow succumbed to his wounds November 4, 1702, at Port Royal, and was buried at Kingston. His portrait is, or was, in the Painted Hall, Greenwich, to which it was presented by George IV. Mr. Ashton states that there is a tradition "that his body was brought to England and buried in Deptford Church."

It is a little difficult to account for the popularity Benbow excited. Personally brave he certainly was; but he has been described as "an honest rough seaman," who, it is alleged, treated his inferiors with scant courtesy. Their failure to stand by him in the French fight was, of course, a disgraceful act of cowardice; but it may also be attributed, to some extent, to their want of personal regard for their chief.

No. 88. *Bold Nelson's Praise*

THIS is the only version of this song that I know. The singer mixed his words in all the verses except the first one, necessitating a certain amount of rearrangement. The air is in the Dorian mode, and is a variant of "Princess Royal," a well-known Morris-Jig tune. Shield adapted the air to the words of "The Saucy Arethusa," one of the songs in the ballad-opera *The Lock and Key* (1796). The composition of the air has sometimes been attributed to Carolan. The tune is also printed in Walsh's *Compleat Dancing Master* (circa 1730), under the title "The Princess Royal: the new way."

No. 89. *Spanish Ladies*

THIS is a Capstan Chantey. It is also well known in the navy, where it is sung as a song, chanteys not being permitted. Captain Kettlewell, R.N., who has made a special study of this song and has very kindly revised the words for me, tells me that when it is sung on board ship, the conclusion of the chorus is, or always used to be, greeted with a shout of "Heave and pawl!" (the pawl is the catch which prevents the recoil of the windlass).

The tune is in the Æolian mode and, in my opinion, it is one of the grandest of our folk-tunes

and one of which a seafaring nation may well be proud. Nowadays, alas! sailors sing a modernized and far less beautiful form of the air in the major mode.

No. 90. *The Ship in Distress*

FOR other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iv, pp. 320-323). Ashton, in his *Real Sailor Songs* (No. 44), prints a broadside version of the words. A similar song is sung by French sailors, "Le petit Navire" (Miss Laura A. Smith's *Music of the Waters*, p. 149), of which Thackeray's "Little Billee" was a burlesque.

The tune is in the Dorian mode.

No. 91. *Come all you worthy Christian men*

SEVERAL versions of this moralizing ballad with tunes are printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 74; volume ii, pp. 115-122). The tune is one of the most common, the most characteristic, and, I would add, the most beautiful of English folk-airs. The version here given is in the Æolian mode, but it is often sung in the major, Dorian, and Mixolydian modes. For other versions of the tune set to different words, see *English County Songs* (pp. 34, 68, and 102); and *Songs of the West* (No. 111, 2d ed.). The well-known air "The Miller and the Dee" is a minor and "edited" version of the same tune. Chappell, too, noted down a version of it which he heard sung in the streets of Kilburn in the early years of the last century (*Popular Music*, p. 748). For an exhaustive note by Miss Broadwood upon the tune and its origin, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, p. 119).

No. 92. *Wassail Song*

THE old custom of wassail singing still survives in many parts of England, though it is fast dying out. The ceremony is performed on January 5, i.e., the eve of Epiphany. It is of Saxon origin, the word "wassail" (accent on the last syllable) meaning "be of good health," from A.-S. *wes* = be, and *hal* = whole or hale. The cup "made of the good old ashen tree" takes us back to the

period when all common domestic vessels were of wood. In early times there was an ecclesiastical edict against the use of wooden vessels for the Holy Communion.

Sir James Ramsay, in his *Foundations of England* (volume ii), quotes an old Saxon "toast-ing-cry" from Wace, the Anglo-Norman poet (d. 1180). The Chronicler says that the following lines were sung in the English camp on the eve of the battle of Hastings:

*Bublie crient é weissel,
E laticome é drencheheil
Drinc Hindrewart é Drintome
Drinc Helf, é drinc tome.*

This, according to Sir James Ramsay, may be translated thus:

*Rejoice and wassail
Let it come (pass the bottle) and drink health
Drink backwards and drink to me
Drink half and drink empty.*

For other versions, see "Somersetshire Wassail" (*A Garland of Country Song*, No. 20); *Sussex Songs* (No. 3); and *The Besom Maker* (p. 9). For a Gloucestershire version, see *English Folk Carols* (No. 21).

The strong tune in the text is in the Dorian mode.

No. 93. *It's a rosebud in June*

THE Rev. John Broadwood noted a Sussex version of this song before 1840 (see *Sussex Songs*, No. 11, Leonard & Company, Oxford Street). The words were also set to music by John Barrett, and were probably sung in "The Custom of the Manor" (1715). As the words of this version show traces of West Country dialect, and the tune, with its Dorian characteristics, is not altogether unlike that printed here, it is just possible that Barrett founded his tune upon the folk-air. The Sussex tune is quite different from our Dorian version, which was collected by me in Somerset. The words are printed exactly as they were sung to me.

No. 94. *A Brisk Young Sailor*

THIS is one of the most popular of English folk-

songs. I have collected a large number of variants, from the several sets of which the words in the text have been compiled. For other versions see "There is an ale-house in yonder Town," in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 252; volume ii, pp. 155, 158, 159, and 168; volume iii, p. 188).

No. 95. *The Sheep-Shearing*

THE tune to which this song is set is, of course, that of "The Sweet Nightingale," a song that is known to almost every folksinger in the West Country (see *Songs of the West*, No. 15, 2d ed.). Bell, in his *Ballads and Songs of the English Peasantry*, prints the words, which he first heard from some Cornish miners at Marienberg and afterwards procured from a gentleman at Plymouth. He erroneously assigns them to the 17th century. For the Rev. S. Baring-Gould has shown that they first appeared in Bickerstaff's "Thomas and Sally" (1760), set to music by Dr. Arne. The West Country tune, however, is quite distinct from Dr. Arne's, and has all the qualities of the genuine folk-air. Mr. Baring-Gould suggests that Bickerstaff's words "travelled down into Cornwall in some such collection as 'The Syren,' and were there set to music by some local genius."

I have collected several variants of "The Sweet Nightingale," and the singer of one of them casually remarked that the tune did not really belong to those words but to a sheep-shearing song. He went on to say that many years ago, when he was a boy, a very old man used to come to his cottage and sing this sheep-shearing song; and then he repeated to me the words of the first stanza, which were all that he could recall. Now the singer was a man of ninety years of age, so that the sheep-shearing song must, presumably, have been in existence before 1760. It will be noticed that in this version of the air, the fourth phrase is not lengthened as it always is when sung to the words of "The Sweet Nightingale." How and why this variation came to be made is an interesting point (see *English Folk Song: Some Conclusions*, p. 110).

No. 96. *The Twelve Days of Christmas*

THIS song consists of twenty-three verses, and is sung in the following way. The second verse begins:

*On the eleventh day of Christmas
my true Love sent to me
Eleven bulls a-beating, etc.,*

and so on till the twelfth verse, as given in the text. The process is then reversed, the verses being gradually increased in length, so that the thirteenth verse is:

*On the second day of Christmas
my true Love sent to me
Two turtle doves
One goldie ring,
And the par of a June apple-tree.*

In this way the twenty-third verse is triumphantly reached, and that, except for the last line, is the same as the first verse.

Another way to sing the song is to begin with "On the first day of Christmas," etc., and to continue to the "twelfth day," when the song concludes.

"June Apple-Tree" may or may not be a corruption of "Juniper-Tree," but the singer explained it by saying that it meant a tree whose fruit kept sound and good till the following June.

For the third gift, the singer sang "Three Britten Chains," which she said were "sea-birds with golden chains round their necks." All the other singers I have heard sang "Three French Hens," and, as this is the usual reading in printed copies, I have so given it in the text. "Britten Chains" may be a corruption of "Bréton hens."

The "twelve days" are, of course, those between Christmas Day and Epiphany, or Twelfth Day.

For other versions, see Mr. Baring-Gould's note to "The jolly Goss-hawk (*Songs of the West*, No. 71); Chambers's *Popular Songs of Scotland* (p. 42); Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* (pp. 63 and 73); and *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (p. 129), where the song is described as "one of the quaintest of Christmas carols now relegated to the nursery as a forfeit game, where each child in succession has to repeat the gifts of the day and incurs a

forfeit for every error." In this last version (also given in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 73, and Husk's *Songs of the Nativity*), the first gift is "a partridge on a pear tree," and this I have heard several times in country villages. One singer who gave it to me volunteered the statement that it was only another way of singing "part of a Juniper-tree," of which, of course, it may be a corruption.

These words are also used as a Children's Game. One of Halliwell's versions (p. 63) is still used by children in Somerset, and Lady Gomme (*Dictionary of British Folk-Lore*, volume i, p. 315), besides reprinting three of the forms given above, gives a London variant. In a note to the game, Lady Gomme points out that the festival of the twelve days, the great midwinter feast of Yule, was a very important one, and that in this game may, perhaps, be discerned the relic of certain customs and ceremonies and the penalties or forfeits incurred by those who omitted religiously to carry them out; and she adds that it was a very general practice for work of all kinds to be put entirely aside before Christmas and not resumed until after Twelfth Day.

Country singers are very fond of accumulative songs of this type, regarding them as tests of endurance and memory, and sometimes of sobriety!

No. 97. *The Ten Commandments*

THIS song is very common in Somerset and over the whole of the West of England. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has published a version in *Songs of the West*, and there are two versions in *English County Songs*. Both of these publications contain notes respecting the origin, distribution, and meaning of this curious song.

It will be seen that the words of many of the verses are corrupt; so corrupt, indeed, that in some cases we can do little more than guess at their original meaning. The variants that I have recovered in Somerset are as follows:

(1) All versions agree in this line, which obviously refers to God Almighty.

(2) "Two of these are lizzie both, clothed all in green, O!" Mr. Baring-Gould suggests that

the "lily-white babes" are probably the Gemini, or signs for Spring.

(3) "Thrivers," "Tires," or "Trivers." It has been suggested that these may be corruptions of "Wisers," as one printed version gives it, and may refer to the Wise Men from the East.

(4) Always "Gospel Preachers" or "Makers."

(5) "The boys upon the pole," "The thimble over the ball," "The plum boys at the bowl," or "in the brow."

(6) "Broad Waiters," "Charming Waiters," "Go Waiters," "The Minger Waiters." The editors of *English County Songs* suggest that these may refer to the six water-pots used in the miracle of Cana of Galilee.

(7) Always "Seven stars in the sky"—presumably the constellation of Ursa Major.

(8) "The Gibley Angels," "The Angel Givers," "The Gabriel Angels."

(9) No Somerset variants. Mr. Baring-Gould records a Devon variant, "The Nine Delights," that is, the joys of Mary.

(10) No variants.

(11) "Eleven and eleven is gone to heaven," that is, the twelve Apostles without Judas Iscariot.

(12) No variants.

In *Notes and Queries* for December 26, 1868, there is a version of the words of this song as "sung by the children at Beckington, Somerset." It begins as follows:

*Sing, sing, what shall we sing?
Sing all over one.
One! What is one?
One they do call the righteous Man.
Save poor souls to rest, Amen.*

These are the remaining verses:

*Two is the Jewry.
Three is the Trinity.
Four is the open door.
Five is the man alive.
Six is the crucifix.
Seven is the bread of leaven.
Eight is the crooked straight.
Nine is the water wine.
Ten is our Lady's hen.
Eleven is the gate of heaven.
Twelve is the ring of bells.*

A Hebrew version of the words of "The Ten Commandments" is to be found in the service for the Passover (see *Service for the First Nights of Passover according to the custom of the German and Polish Jews*, by the Rev. A. P. Mendes). The service for the second night of the Passover concludes with two recitations, both of which are accumulative songs. The second of these, "One only kid," has nothing to do with "The Ten Commandments," but, as it is analogous to the English nursery song, "The Old Woman and her Pig," it is perhaps worth while to quote the last verse:

Then came the Most Holy, blessed be He, and slew the slaughterer, who had slaughtered the ox, which had drunk the water, which had burnt the staff, which had smitten the dog, which had bitten the cat, which had devoured the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim; one only kid, one only kid.

This, of course, is explained esoterically. The "cat," for instance, refers to Babylon; the "dog" to Persia; the "staff" to Greece, and so on (see Mendes).

The other accumulative song, which precedes "One only kid," is a Hebrew rendering of "The Ten Commandments" of western England. It contains thirteen verses:

Who knoweth one? I, saith Israel, know one: One is God, who is over heaven and earth.

Who knoweth two? I, saith Israel, know two: there are two tables of the covenant; but One is our God, who is over heaven and earth.

Who knoweth three? I, saith Israel, know three: there are three patriarchs, the two tables of the covenant; but One is our God, who is over heaven and earth.

Etc., etc., etc.

Who knoweth thirteen? I, saith Israel, know thirteen: Thirteen divine attributes, twelve tribes, eleven stars, ten commandments, nine months preceding child-birth, eight days preceding circumcision, seven days in the week, six books of the Mishnah, five books of the Law, four matrons, three patriarchs, two tables of the covenant; but One is our God, who is over the heavens and the earth.

Whether "One only kid" and "Who knoweth One?" originated with the common people and were afterward taken into the Passover service, or *vice versa*, is a matter of some doubt. Sim-

rock (*Die deutschen Volkslieder*, p. 520) says that "Who knoweth One?" was originally a German peasants' drinking-song; that it was changed by the monks into an ecclesiastical song, very similar to the form in which we know it; and that afterward, probably during the latter half of the 16th century, it suffered a further adaptation and found a place in the Passover service of the German Jews. "Ehad Mi Yodea"—to give it its Hebrew title—has, however, since been found in the Avignon ritual as a festal table-song for holy-days in general, so that its inclusion in the Jewish Passover service may have been earlier than Simrock surmised. It appears that to the early manuscript Jewish prayer-books it was customary to append popular stories and ballads. That may have been the case with the two songs in question, in which event it is easy to see how they may gradually have been absorbed into, and have become, an integral part of the service itself.

The Rev. A. A. Green, in *The revised Hagada*, expresses the opinion that both of these accumulative songs are essentially Hebrew nursery-rhymes, and he regrets "that they have ever been regarded as anything else." He quotes the first verse of the Scottish "Song of Numbers:"

*We will all gae sing, boys,
Where will we begin, boys?
We'll begin the way we should
And we'll begin at ane, boys.*

The literature on the subject is a very large one. Those who are interested in the matter should consult the articles "Ehad Mi Yodea" and "Had Gadya" in the *Jewish Encyclopædia* (volumes v and vi), where many authorities are quoted.

It will be noticed that all the Christian forms of the song stop at the number twelve. It has been suggested that the Hebrew version was purposely extended to thirteen, the unlucky number, in order that the Jew might be able to feel that with him thirteen was a holy and, therefore, lucky number.

Like many accumulative songs, "The Ten Commandments" is a most interesting one to listen to. The best folksingers combine their mu-

sical phrases in a different manner in each verse, and in so doing display no little ingenuity. Their aim, no doubt, is to compound the phrases so as to avoid the too frequent recurrence of the full-close. I should have liked to have shown exactly how the singer sang each verse of the song, but this would have entailed printing every one of the twelve verses, and consideration of space forbade this. I have, however, given the last verse in full, and this, I hope, will be some guide to the singer.

A form of this song, "Green grow the rushes, O," is known at Eton, and is printed in *English County Songs* (p. 158); and Sullivan introduced a version into *The Yeomen of the Guard*.

No. 98. *The Tree in the Wood*

MISS MASON prints an interesting Devon variant in *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* (p. 26), and there is another version from the same county in the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's *Songs of the West* (No. 104, 1st ed.). In his note to the latter, Mr. Baring-Gould says that under the name of "Ar parc caer" the song is well known in Brittany (see Luzel's *Chansons Populaires de la Basse Bretagne*). There are also French ("Le Bois Joli") and Danish forms of the song. See, also, the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iii, p. 277); *Journal of the Welsh Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 40); and *Folk-Songs from Somerset* (No. 93).

The version given here has not been previously published. The tune, which is in the Æolian mode, is a variant of "Come all you worthy Christian men" (No. 91).

This is one of the easiest of all accumulative songs, both to learn and to sing, and it may, of course, be lengthened indefinitely, according to the taste and inventive powers of the singer.

No. 99. *The Barley-Mow*

I HAVE a large number of variants of this song, which used to be in great request at Harvest Homes.

Chappell, without giving its origin, prints a traditional version in his *Popular Music* (p. 745),

and connects it with one of the Freeman's Songs in *Deuteromelia*. In Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry of England*, two versions of the words are given, one from the West Country, and a Suffolk variant. In a note to the former, it is stated that the song was usually sung at country meetings immediately after the ceremony of "crying the neck," an ancient pagan rite, traces of which still survive in Somerset.

A good singer, proud of his memory, will often

lengthen the song to abnormal proportions by halving the drink-measures, half-pint, half-quart, half-gallon, and so on.

No. 100. *One man shall mow my meadow*

ALTHOUGH this is a very popular song and very widely known, and I have recently heard soldiers singing it on the march on more than one occasion, I am unable to give a reference to any published version of it.

Cecil Sharp

ONE HUNDRED ENGLISH FOLKSONGS

1 HENRY MARTIN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato *p*

VOICE

1. There were three broth-ers in mer-ry Scot-land, In
lo!— Hul - lo!— cried Hen - ry Mar - tin, What
no! we wont low - er our lof - ty top - sail, Nor

PIANO

mer - ry Scot - land there were three, ——— And they did cast lots which of
makes_ you sail_ so nigh? ——— I'm a rich mer-chant ship bound for
bow our-selves un - der your lee, ——— And you shan't take from us our

them_ should go, — should go, — should go, And_ turn rob - ber a'll
fair Lon-don Town, Lon-don Town, Lon-don Town, Will_ you please for to
rich mer-chant goods, mer-chant goods, mer-chant goods, Nor_ — point our bold

on the salt sea. ——— 2. The lot it fell first up - on Hen - ry Mar -
let me pass by? ——— 5. Oh no! — Oh no! — cried Hen - ry Mar -
guns to the sea. ——— 8. With broad-side and broad-side and at it they

tin, The young-est of all the three; That he should turn
 tin, That thing it nev-er could be; For I am turn'd
 went For ful-ly two hours or three, Till Hen-ry Mar-

mf *cresc.* *f*

rob-ber all on the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea, For to main-
 rob-ber all on the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea, For to main-
 tin gave to her the death-shot, the death-shot, the death-shot, And

tain his two broth-ers and he. 3. He had not been sail-ing but a
 tain my two broth-ers and me. 6. Come low-er your top-sail and
 straight to the bot-tom went she. 9. Bad news, bad news to

f non legato *mf*

long win-ter's night And a part of a short win-ter's day, Be-
 rail up your mizz'n And bring your ship un-der my lee, Or
 old Eng-land came, Bad news to fair Lon-don Town, There's

fore he es - pi - ed a stout lof - ty ship, lof - ty ship, lof - ty
 I — will give you a full flow - ing ball, flow - ing ball, flow - ing
 been a rich ves - sel and she's cast a - way, cast a - way, cast a -

ship
 ball,
 way,
 Come — a - bib - bing down on him straight -
 And your dear bod - ies drown in the salt
 And — all of the mer - ry men

1-8 *Last time*
 way. — 4. Hul -
 sea. — 7. Oh
 drown'd. —
p *mf*

sfz *ff*

BRUTON TOWN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato

VOICE

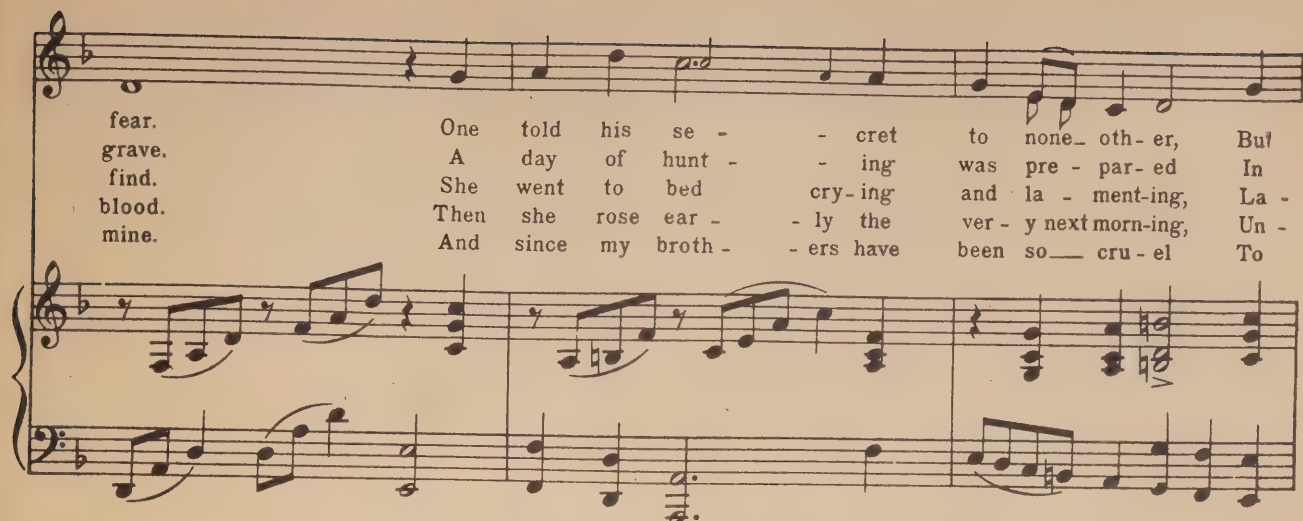
PIANO

f *mf*

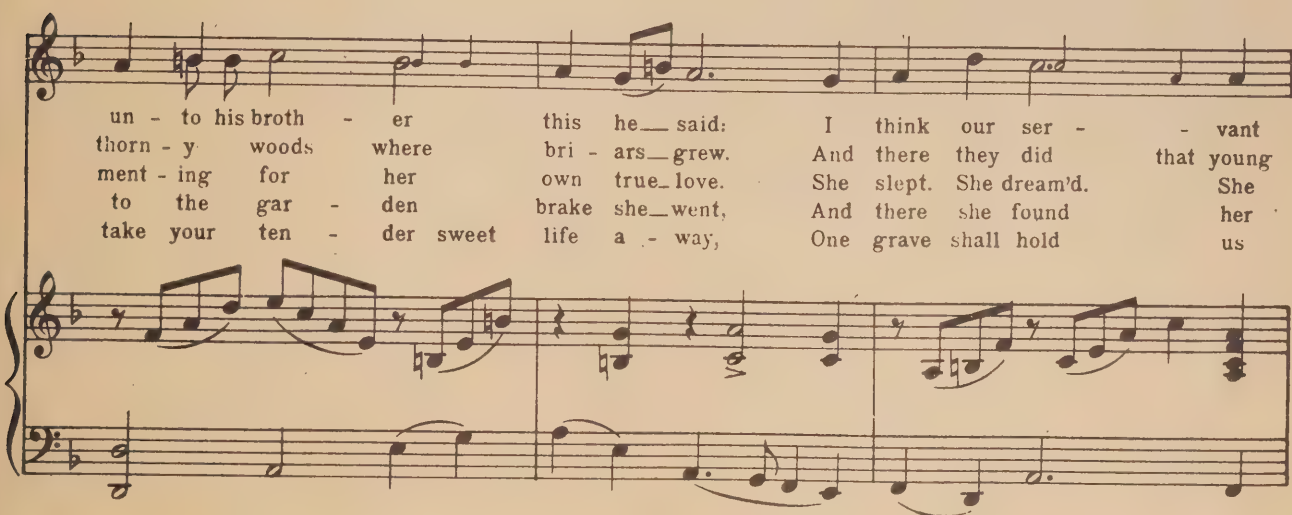
1. In Bru-ton Town there
2. If he our ser - vant
3. Now wel-come home, my
4. You rise up ear - ly to -
5. She took her ker - chief

lived a far - mer Who had two sons and one daugh-ter dear. By
courts our sis - ter, That maid from such a shame I'll save. I'll
dear youngbroth-ers, Our ser - vant man is he be - hind? We've
mor - row morn - ing And straight-way to the brake you know, And
from her pock - et, And wiped his eyes though he was blind; Be -

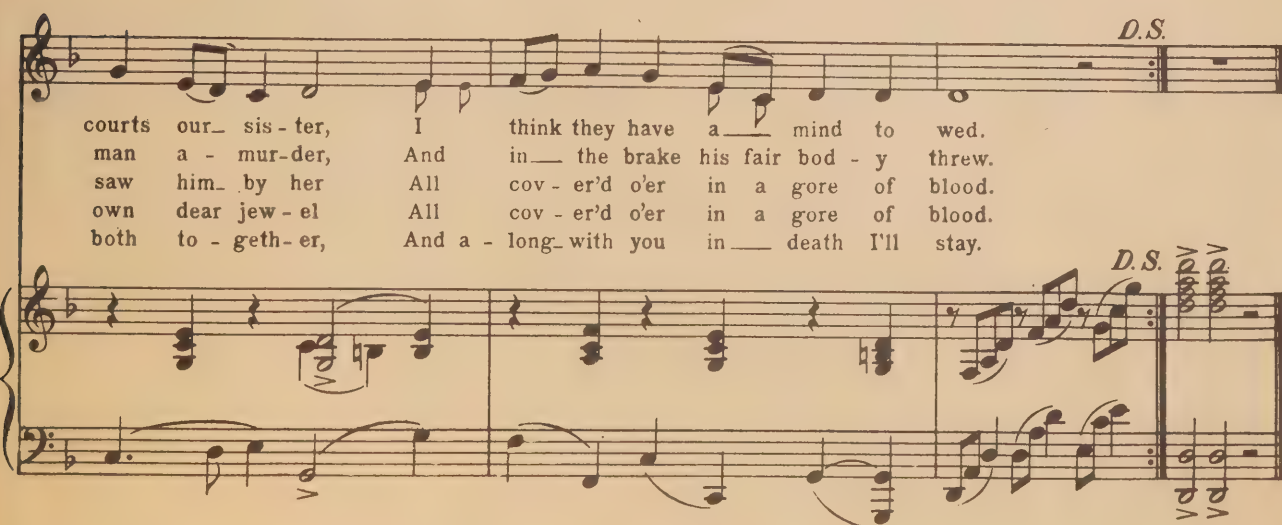
day and night they were a-con-triv-ing To fill their par - ents' hearts with
put an end to all their court-ship, And send him si - lent to his
left him where we've been a - hunt-ing, We've left him where no-man can
then you'll find my bod y - ly-ing All cov - er'd o'er in a gore of
cause he was my own true lov - er, My own true lov - er and friend of



fear. One told his se - - cret to none_ oth- er, But
grave. A day of hunt - - ing was pre - par- ed In
find. She went to bed cry- ing and la - ment-ing, La -
blood. Then she rose ear - - ly the ver - y next morn-ing, Un -
mine. And since my broth - - ers have been so - - cru - el To



un - to his broth - er this he_ said: I think our ser - - vant
thorn - y woods where bri - ars_ grew. And there they did that young
ment - ing for her own true_ love. She slept. She dream'd. She
to the gar - den brake she_ went, And there she found her
take your ten - der sweet life a - way, One grave shall hold us



courts our_ sis - ter, I think they have a_ mind to wed.
man a - mur-der, And in_ the brake his fair bod - y threw.
saw him_ by her All cov - er'd o'er in a gore of blood.
own dear jew - el All cov - er'd o'er in a gore of blood.
both to - geth- er, And a - long- with you in_ death I'll stay.

THE KNIGHT AND THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro comodo

VOICE

1. It's of a pret - ty shep - herd - ess, Kept sheep all on the
sto - len all my heart, young sir, Your - self you are to
some do call me Jack, he said, And some do call me
mount - ed on his milk - white steed And a - way then he did

PIANO

p

plain; Who should ride by but — Knight Wil - liam And —
blame; So if your vows are — made in truth, Pray —
John; But when I'm in the — fair king's court My —
ride; She tied a hand - ker - chief round her waist And —

mf *dim.*

he was drunk with wine. Line, twine, the
tell to me your name. Line, twine, the
name is Sweet Wil - liam. Line, twine, the
rode by the hors - e's side. Line, twine, the

p *p*

wil - low and the dee.
 wil - low and the dee.
 wil - low and the dee.
 wil - low and the dee.

2. You've
 3. O
 4 He

f *dim.* *D.S.* *rit.*

5.

She rode till she came to the river's side,
 She fell on her belly and swam;
 And when she came to the other side
 She took to her heels and ran.

6.

She ran till she came to the king's fair court.
 She pull-ed at the ring:
 There was none so ready as the king himself
 To let this fair maid in.

7.

Good morning to you, my pretty maid.
 Good morning, sir, said she;
 You have a knight all in your court
 This day has a-robbed me.

8.

O has he robbed you of your gold,
 Or any of your fee?
 Or has he robbed you of the rarest branch
 That grows in your body?

9.

He has not robbed me of my gold,
 Nor any of my fee,
 But he has robbed me of the rarest branch
 That grows in my body.

10.

Here's twenty pounds for you, he said,
 All wrap-ped in a glove;
 And twenty pounds for you, he said,
 To seek some other love.

11.

I will not have your twenty pounds,
 Nor any of your fee;
 But I will have the king's fair knight
 This day to marry me.

12.

The king called up his merry men all,
 By one, by two, by three—
 Young William once the foremost was,
 But now behind came he.

13.

Accurs-ed be that very hour
 That I got drunk by wine.
 To have the farmer's daughter here
 To be a true love of mine!

14.

If I a farmer's daughter am
 Pray leave me all alone;
 If you make me a lady of a thousand lands
 I can make thee lord of ten.

15.

The dog shall eat the flour you sowed,
 And thou shalt eat the bran;
 I'll make thee rue the day and hour
 That ever thou wast born.

16.

He mounted on his milk-white steed,
 And she on her pony grey;
 He threw the bugle round his neck
 And together they rode away.

17.

The very next town that they came to
 The wedding bells did ring;
 And the very next church that they came to
 There was a gay wedding.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Con spirito *mf*

VOICE

1. Bold Ar-der went forth one sum-mer morn - ing, To
3. No! I am the keep - er of this — par - ish; The

PIANO

f *p*

view — the mer - ry green wood; For to hunt for the deer — that
king hath a - put me in trust: And — there - fore I pray thee to

run here and there, And there he es - pied Rob - in Hood, —
get on thy way, Or else to up - stand 'ee I must, —

Aye, — and there he es - pied Rob - in Hood. — 2. What a
Aye, — or else to up - stand 'ee I must. — 4. 'Tis

fel - low art thou? quoth bold Rob - in Hood, And what is thy
 thou must have more par - tak - ers in store, Be - fore thou up -

bus - i - ness here? For — now to be brief, thou dost
 stand me in deed; For — I have a staff, he is

look like a thief, And I come for to steal the king's deer, —
 made of ground graffe And I war - rant he'll do — my deed, —

Aye, — and I come for to steal the king's deer. —
 Aye, — and I war - rant he'll do — my deed. —

1-4 D.C.

ff

D.C.

mp

5. And I have an - o - ther quoth bold Rob-in Hood, He's
 7. Then at it they went for bang— for bang, The
 9. O what is the mat-ter? then said lit-tle John, You are

made of an oak - en tree: He's eight foot and a half and would
 space of two hours— or more. Ev - 'ry blow— they swung makes the
 not do - ing well— he said. O says bold Rob-in Hood, here's a

knock down a calf, And why should - 'nt a - knock— down thee,—
 grove— to ring; And they play— their game— so sure,—
 tan - ner so good And I war - rant he's tanned— my hide,—

Aye,— and why should - 'nt a - knock— down thee. 6. Let us
 Aye,— they play— their game— so sure. 8. Then
 Aye,— I war - rant he's tanned— my hide. 10. If he's

meas - ure our staves, says bold Rob - in Hood, Be - fore we be -
 bold Rob - in Hood drew forth bu - gle horn, And he blew it both
 such a tan - ner, then says lit - tle John, A tan - ner that

gin and a - way. If by half a foot mine should be
 loud and shrill. And di - rect there up - on he es -
 tans so true, We'll make - a no doubt but we'll

long - er than thine, Then that should be count - ed foul play,
 pied lit - tle John, Come run - ning a - down the hill,
 have a fresh bout And I war - rant he'll tan my hide too,

Aye, and that should be count - ed foul play.
 Aye, come run - ning a - down the hill.
 Aye, I war - rant he'll tan my hide too.

5-10 D.S.
 ff D.S.

last verse

too. 11. That thing shall not be, says bold Rob-in Hood, For

he is a he-ro so bold; For— he has best play'd, he is

mas-ter of his trade And by no man shall he be con-troll'd,—

Aye, and by no man shall he be con-troll'd.

rall. *a tempo*

rall.

THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES, O!

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato

VOICE

1. There were three gip-sies a -
she pull'd off her

PIANO

mf *sfz* *mf*

come to my door, And down - stairs ran this a - la - dy, O!
silk fin - ish'd gown And put on hose of leath - er, O! The

One sang high and an - oth - er sang low And the oth - er sang bon - ny, bon - ny
rag - ged, rag - ged rags a - bout our door She's gone with the wrag - gle tag - gle

1. Bis - cay, O!
gip - sies, O!

2. Then

3. It was
6. What

late last night, when my lord came home, En - quir - ing for his a -
 makes you leave your— house and land? What makes you leave your—

la - dy, O! The ser - vants said, on— ev - 'ry— hand: She's
 mon - ey, O? What makes you leave your new wed - ded lord, To

gone with the wrag - gle tag - gle gip - sies, O!
 go with the wrag - gle tag - gle gip - sies, O? 4. O,—

sad - dle to me my— milk - white steed, Go and fetch me my
 7. What care I for my house and my land? What care I for my

staccato

po - ny, O! That I may ride and seek my bride, Who is
mon - ey, O? What care I for my new wed - ded lord? I'm

gone with the wrag - gle tag - gle gip - sies, O!
off with the wrag - gle tag - gle gip - sies, O!

5. O —
8. Last —

he rode high and he rode low, He rode through woods and
night you slept on a goose - feath - er bed, With the sheet turn'd down so —

cop - ses too, Un - til he came to an o - pen field, And
brave - ly, O! And to - night you'll sleep in a cold o - pen field, A -

there he es - pied — his a - la - dy, O!
long with the wrag - gle tag - gle gip - sies, O!

9. What care I for a goose-feath - er bed, With the sheet turn'd down so —

f *dim.*

brave - ly, O? For to - night I shall sleep in a cold o - pen field, A -

p *f*

long with the wrag - gle tag - gle gip - sies, O!

LORD BATEMAN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato maestoso

VOICE

1. Lord Bate - man was a
4. The Turk he had one
7. She took him to her
10. Now sev - en long years are

PIANO

no - ble lord, A no - ble lord of high de - gree. He shipp'd him - self all a -
on - ly daugh - ter, The fair - est crea - ture that ev - ery - one'd see. She stole the keys of her
fa - ther's cel - lar And gave to him the best of wine. And ev - 'ry health that she
gone — and past And four - teen days, well known to me; She pack - ed up all her

board a — great ship, Some for - eign coun - try to go and see. 2. He
fa - ther's pris - on, And swore Lord Bate - man she would set free. 5. O,
drank un - to — him: I wish, Lord Bate - man, that you were mine. 8. For
gay — cloth - ing, And swore Lord Bate - man she'd go and see. 11. And

sail - ed East, he sail - ed West, He sail - ed un - to proud Tur-key. There
have you lands? O, have you liv - ings? And does Nor - thumb'r-land be - long to thee? What
sev-en long years we'll make — a vow. For sev'n long years we'll keep it strong; If
when she came to Lord Bate-man's cas - tle. How bold-ly she did ring the bell. Who's

he was ta - ken and put in pris - on, Un - til his life was quite wear-y. 3. And
will you give to a fair young la - dy, If out of pris - on she'll set you free. 6. Yes,
you will wed with no oth - er wo - man, Then I will wed with no oth - er man. 9. She
there? Who's there? cried the young proud por - ter, Who's there? Who's there? — Come quick-ly tell. 12. O,

in this pris'n there grew — a tree, It grew so stout, it grew so strong Hewas
I've got lands and I've got liv - ings, And half Nor-thumb'r-land be - longs to me; I'll—
took him to her fa-ther's har - bour, She gave to him a ship of fame: Fare-
is this called Lord Bate-man's cas - tle? And is his lord - ship here with - in? O—

chain-ed up all by the mid-dle Un - til his life was al - most gone.
 give it all to a fair young la - dy, If out of pris - on she'll set me free.
 well, fare-well to you, Lord Bate-man, I fear I nev - er shall see you a-gain.
 yes! O yes! cried the young proud por - ter, He has just now ta - ken his young bride in.

13.

You tell him to send me a slice of bread,
 And a bottle of the best of wine;
 And not forgetting that fair young lady
 That did release him when 'close confined.

14.

Away, away went the young proud porter,
 Away, away, away went he,
 Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,
 Down on his bended knees fell he.

15.

What news, what news, my young proud porter?
 What news, what news hast thou brought to me?
 There is the fairest of all young ladies
 That ever my two eyes did see.

16.

She has got rings round every finger;
 Round one of them she has got three.
 She has gold enough all round her middle
 To buy Northumb'rland that belongs to thee.

17.

She tells you to send her a slice of bread,
 And a bottle of the best of wine;
 And not forgetting that fair young lady,
 That did release you when close confined.

18.

Lord Bateman then in a passion flew;
 He broke his sword in splinters three;
 Half will I give of my father's portion
 If but Sophia have a-crossed the sea.

19.

O then up spoke the young bride's mother,
 Who was never heard to speak so free:
 You'll not forget my only daughter
 If but Sophia have a-crossed the sea.

20.

I own I made a bride of your daughter;
 She's neither the better nor worse for me.
 She came to me on a horse and saddle;
 She may go back in a coach and three.

21.

Lord Bateman prepared another marriage,
 And both their hearts were full of glee.
 I will range no more to a foreign country
 Now since Sophia have a-crossed the sea.

BARBARA ELLEN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto

VOICE

1. In— Scot - land I — was
2. He — sent his ser - vant
3. So — slow - ly she — put
4. A — dy - ing man! — O

PIANO

born and bred, In Scot - land I was dwell - ing, When a
to her house To the place where she was dwell - ing, Say - ing:
on her clothes, So slow - ly she came to him, And
don't say so, For one kiss from you will cure me. One

young man on — his death - bed lay For the sake of Bar - b'ra El - len.
You must come to my mas - ter's house, If your name is Bar - b'ra El - len.
when she came — to his bed - side, She — said: Young man, you're dy - ing.
kiss from me — you nev - er shall have While — your poor heart is break - ing.

5. If— you look up— at my bed-head You will see my watch a - hang-ing; Here's
 6. If— you look down at my bed's-foot You will see a bowl a - stand-ing; And
 7. As— I was walk-ing down the fields, I heard some birds a - sing-ing; And
 8. As— I was walk-ing down the lane, I heard some bells a - tol-ling; And

my gold ring— and my gold chain I — give to Bar - b'ra El - len.
 in it is — the blood I've shed For the sake of Bar - b'ra El - len.
 as they sang— they seem'd to say: Hard— heart-ed Bar - b'ra El - len.
 as they toll'd— they seem'd to say: Hard— heart-ed Bar - b'ra El - len.

9.

As I was walking up the groves
 And met his corpse a-coming:
 Stay, stay, said she, and stop awhile,
 That I may gaze all on you.

10.

The more she gazed, the more she smiled,
 Till she burst out a-laughing;
 And her parents cried out: Fie, for shame,
 Hard hearted Barb'ra Ellen.

11.

Come, mother, come, make up my bed,
 Make it both long and narrow;
 My true love died for me yesterday,
 I'll die for him tomorrow.

12.

And he was buried in Edmondstone,
 And she was buried in Cold Harbour;
 And out of him sprang roses red,
 And out of her sweet briar.

13.

It grew and grew so very high
 Till it could grow no higher;
 And around the top grew a true lover's knot
 And around it twined sweet-briar.

LITTLE SIR HUGH

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto grazioso

VOICE

1. It rains, it rains in mer - ry Lin - coln, It
no, O no, I dare not a - come With -
when the school was o - - ver, His
head is heav - y I can - not get up, My -

PIANO

p

rains both great and small, When all the boys come out to play, To
out my play - mates too; For if my moth - er should be at the door She would
moth - er came out for to call, With a lit - tle rod un - der her a - pron To
grave it is so deep; Be - sides a pen - knife sticks in - to my heart, So

play and toss their ball. 2. They toss'd their ball so high, so high, They
cause my poor heart to rue. 5. The first she off-er'd him was a fig, The
beat her son with - al. 8. His moth - er she went to the Jew's wife's house And
up I can - not get. 11. Go home, go home, my moth - er dear, And pre-

*legato**cresc.*

toss'd their ball so low; — They toss'd it o - ver the Jew's gar - den, With
 next a fin - er thing, — The third a cher - ry as red as blood, And
 knock - ed loud at the ring: — O lit - tle Sir Hugh — if you are here, Come
 pare me a wind - ing sheet; — For to - mor - row morn - ing be - fore it is day Your

mf

all the fine Jews be - low. — 3. The first that came out was a
 that — en - tic - ed him in. — 6. She set him up in a
 let — your moth - er in. — 9. He is not here — the
 bod - y and mine shall meet. — 12. And lay my pray - er - book

dim. *p*

Jew's daugh - ter, Was dress - ed all in green: — Come in, — come in, — my
 gil - ty chair, She gave him su - gar sweet. — She laid him out on a
 Jew's wife said, He is not here to - day; — He's with his school - fel - lows
 at my head, And my gram - mar at my feet, — That all my school - fel - lows as

lit - tle Sir Hugh, You shall have your ball a - gain. — 4. O —
 dress - er board And stabbd him like a sheep. — 7. And
 on the green Keep - ing this highhol - i - day. — 10. My
 they pass by May read them for my sake. —

Last time

9 GEORDIE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante

VOICE

1. Come, bri - dle me my
six pret-ty babes that
judge he look - ed
Geor - die hang in

PIANO

mf *dim.* *p*

milk - white steed, Come, bri - dle me my po - ny, That
I have got, The sev - enth lies in my bod - y; I'll
down on him And said: I'm sor - ry for thee. 'Tis
gold - en chains. (His crimes were nev - er man - y,) Be -

cresc.

I may ride to fair Lon - don town To plead for my Geor - die.
free - ly part with them ev - 'ry one, If you'll spare me the life of Geor - die.
thine own con - fes - sion hath hang - ed thee, May the Lord have mer - cy up - on thee.
cause he came of roy - al blood And court - ed a vir - tu - ous la - dy.

mf *dim.* *p* *mf*

2. And when she en - tered in the hall There were
 4. Then Geor - die look - ed round the court, And
 6. O Geor - die stole nor cow nor calf And he
 8. I wish I were in yon - der grove, Where

dim. *p*

lords and la - dies — plen - ty. Down on her knees she
 saw his dear - est — Pol - ly; He said: My dear, you've
 nev - er mur - der'd — an - y, But he stole six - teen of the
 times I have been — man - y, With my broad sword and my

mf

then did fall To plead for the life of Geor - die. — 3. It's
 come too late, For I'm con - demn'd al - read - y! — 5. Then the
 king's white steeds And sold them in Bo - hen - ny. — 7. Let
 pis - tol too I'd fight for the life of Geor - die. —

p *p*

Last time

LADY MAISRY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto con moto

VOICE

1. She call - ed to her lit - tle page - boy, Who was her broth - er's son. She —
when he came to the new — cas - tell, The lord was set at meat; If —

PIANO

told him as quick as — he — could — go, To — bring her lord safe home. 2. Now the
you were to know as — much — as — I, How — lit - tle would you eat! 4. O

legato

ver - y first mile he — would walk And the sec - ond he would run, And —
is my tow - er fall - ing, fall - ing down, Or does my bow - er burn? Or —

when he came to a bro - ken, bro - ken bridge, He — bent his breast and swum. 3. And 5. O
is my gay la - dy — put — to — bed With a daugh - ter or — a son.

1-3 4

no, your tow-er is not—fall-ing down, Nor does your bow-er burn; But—

mf

we are a-fraid ere— you—re—turn Your—la-dy will be dead and gone. 6. Come

cresc.

sad - dle, sad-dle my milk - white-steed, Come sad-dle my po - ny too, That—

f staccato

marcato

I may nei - ther— eat—nor—drink Till I come to the old—cas - tell. 7. Now

dim.

when he came to the old cas - tell, He heard a big bell toll; And
times he kissed her red ru-by lips, Nine times he kissed her chin. Ten

then he saw eight no - ble, no - ble men, A - bear - ing of a pall. 8. Lay
times he kissed her snow - y, snow - y breast, Where love did en - ter in. 10. The

down, lay down that gen - tle, gen - tle corpse, As it lay fast a - sleep, That -
la - dy was bur - ied on that Sun - day, Be - fore the prayer was done; And the

I may kiss her red ru-by lips Which I used to kiss so sweet. 9. Six
lord he died on the next Sun - day, Be - fore the prayer be - gun.

First time Second time

11

THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. An out-land-ish knight came from the north lands, And he came woo-ing to
off, light off thy milk-white steed; De-liv-er it up un-to
cut thou a-way the brim-bles so sharp, The brim-bles from off the

PIANO

p

me; _____ He said he would take me to for-eign lands, And
me; _____ For six pret-ty maid-ens have I drown'd here, And
brim; _____ That they may not tan-gle my cur-ly locks, Nor

there he would mar-ry me. 2. Go fetch me some of your
thou the sev-enth shall be. 5. Doff off, doff off thy
scratch my lil-y-white skin. 8. He turn-ed a-round his

cresc.

fa - ther's gold, And some of your moth - er's fee, _____ And
 silk - en things, De - liv - er them up un - to me; _____ I
 back to her And bent down o - ver the brim. _____ She

mf

two of the best nags from out of the sta - ble, Where there stand thir - ty and
 think that they look _____ too rich and too gay To rot _____ all in the salt
 caught him a - round _____ the mid - dle so small And bun - dled him in - to the

dim.

three. 3. She mount - ed up - on her milk-white steed, And he on his dap - ple
 sea. 6. If I must doff off my silk - en things, Pray turn thy back un - to
 stream. 9. He drop - ped high, he drop - ped low, Un - til he came to the

p *mf staccato*

grey;— They rode till they came— un - to the sea - side, Three
me;— For it is not fit - ting that such a ruf - fian A
side;— Catch hold of my hand,— my fair pret - ty maid, And

hours be - fore it was day. 4. Light
na - ked wo - man should see. 7. And
thee I will make— my bride. 10. Lie - ry—

10.

Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,
Lie there instead of me;
For six pretty maidens hast thou a-drowned here,
The seventh hath drown-ed thee.

11.

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
And led the dapple-grey;
She rode till she came to her father's house,
Three hours before it was day.

12.

The parrot hung in the window so high,
And heard what the lady did say:
What ails thee, what ails thee, my pretty lady,
You've tarried so long away?

13.

The king he was up in his bed-room so high,
And heard what the parrot did say:
What ails thee, what ails thee, my pretty Polly,
You prattle so long before day?

14.

It's no laughing matter, the parrot did say,
That loudly I call unto thee;
For the cat has a-got in the window so high,
I fear that she will have me.

15.

Well turn-ed, well turned, my pretty Polly;
Well turned, well turn-ed for me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
And the door of the best ivory.

THE COASTS OF HIGH BARBARY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Con spirito

VOICE

1 Look a - head, look a - starn, look the
back up your top - sails, and
quar - ters! for quar - ters! the

PIANO

wea - ther and the lee. Blow high! — Blow low! — and
neave, your ves - sel to, Blow high! — Blow low! — and
sau - cy pi - rate cried. Blow high! — Blow low! — and

so — sail - ed we. — I see a wreck to wind - ward and a
so — sail - ed we. — For we have got some let - ters to be
so — sail - ed we. — The quar - ters that we show'd them was to

lof - ty ship to lee, A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of High Bar - ba -
car - ried home by you. A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of High Bar - ba -
sink them in the tide, A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of High Bar - ba -

ry. 2. Then hail her, our cap - tain he call - ed o'er the side; Blow
 ry. 5. We'll back up our top - sails and heave our ves - sel to; Blow
 ry. 8. With cut - lass and gun O we fought for hours— three; Blow

high! Blow low! And so sail - ed we. O are you a
 high! Blow low! And so sail - ed we. But on - ly in some
 high! Blow low! And so sail - ed we. The ship it was their

pi - rate or a man - o' - war, he cried? A - sail - ing down all
 har - bour and a - long the side of you. A - sail - ing down all
 cof - fin, and their grave it was the sea. A - sail - ing down all

on the coasts of High Bar - ba - ry. 3. O are you a
 on the coasts of High Bar - ba - ry. 6. For broad - side for
 on the coasts of High Bar - ba - ry. 9. But O it was a

pi - rate or man - o' - war, cried we? Blow high! Blow
 broad - side, they fought all on the main; Blow high! Blow
 cru - el sight and griev - ed us full sore, Blow high! Blow

low! and so sail - ed we. O no! I'm not a pi - rate but a
 low! and so sail - ed we. Un - til at last the fri - gate shot the
 low! and so sail - ed we. To see them all a - drown - ing as they

man - o' - war, cried he, A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of
 pi - rate's mast a - way. A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of
 tried to swim to shore. A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of

First & second times Third time
 High Bar - ba - ry. 4. Then
 High Bar - ba - ry. 7. For
 High Bar - ba - ry.

THE CRUEL MOTHER

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto

VOICE

1. There was a la - dy dwelt in York;
laid her head a - gainst a stone,
took a knife, both long and sharp,
she was walk - ing home one day,
said: Dear chil - dren, can you tell
yes! dear moth - er, we can tell;

PIANO

Fal the dal the di - do. She fell in love with her fa - ther's clerk, Down
Fal the dal the di - do. And there she made most bit - ter moan, Down
Fal the dal the di - do. And stabb'd her babes un - to the heart, Down
Fal the dal the di - do. She met those babes all dress'd in white, Down
Fal the dal the di - do. Where I shall go? To heav'n or hell? Down
Fal the dal the di - do. For it's we to heav'n, and you to hell. Down

by the green-wood side O. 2. She
by the green-wood side O. 3. She
by the green-wood side O. 4. As
by the green-wood side O. 5. She
by the green-wood side O. 6. O
side O.

THE GOLDEN VANITY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

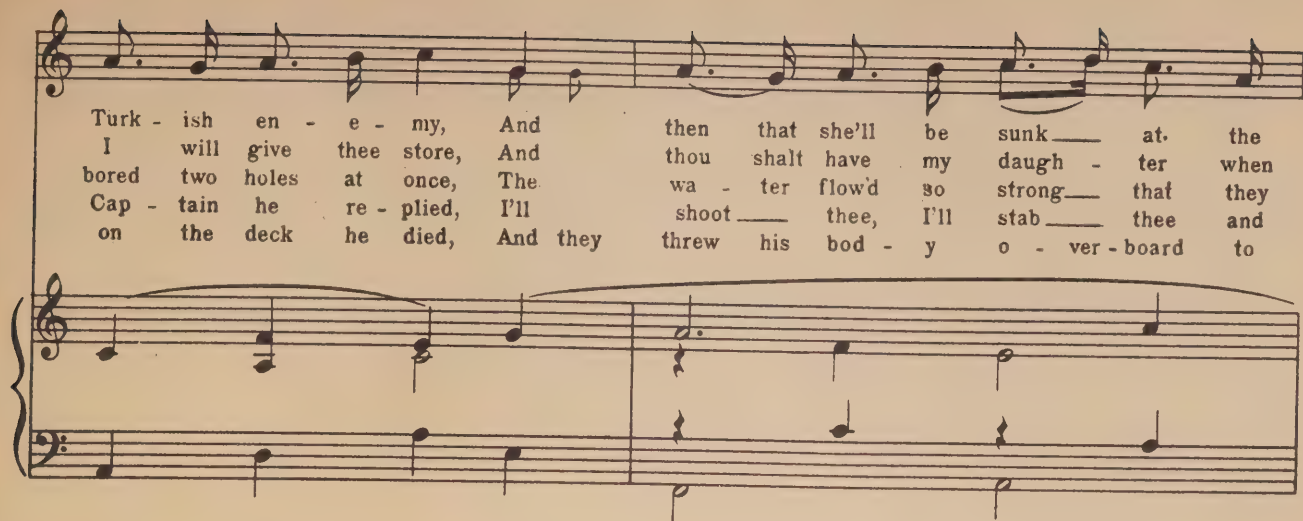
VOICE *Moderato*

1. O there was a ship in some
2. The first that spoke up was the
3. The boy bent his breast and he
4. Then the boy swam back un -
5. Then the boy swam round un -

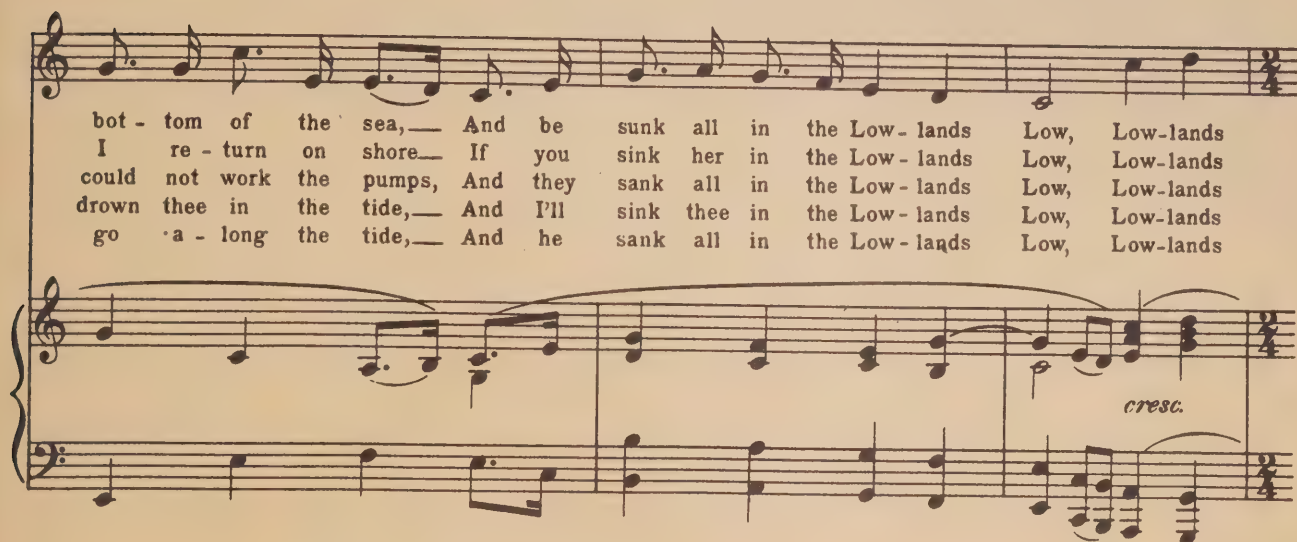
PIANO

for - eign coun - - try, And she was call - ed af - - ter the
lit - tle cab - in - boy, Say - ing: Mas - ter, what will you give me if
swam to the ship's side; And some of them were at the cards, the
to the star - board side, Say - ing: Cap - tain, pick me up, for I'm
to the near - board side, Say - ing: Ship - mates, pick me up, for I'm

Gold - en Van - i - ty. I fear she will be ta - ken by some
her I do de - stroy? O I will give thee gold, my boy, and
oth - ers at the dice. He took two bor - ers in his hand and
drift - ing with the tide. O I'll not pick thee up a - gain, the
drift - ing with the tide. So the ship - mates pick'd him up a - gain and




Turk - ish en - e - my, And then that she'll be sunk — at the
 I will give thee store, And thou shalt have my daugh - ter when
 bored two holes at once, The wa - ter flow'd so strong — that they
 Cap - tain he re - plied, I'll shoot — thee, I'll stab — thee and
 on the deck he died, And they threw his bod - y o - ver - board to



bot - tom of the sea, — And be sunk all in the Low - lands Low, Low-lands
 I re - turn on shore — If you sink her in the Low - lands Low, Low-lands
 could not work the pumps, And they sank all in the Low - lands Low, Low-lands
 drown thee in the tide, — And I'll sink thee in the Low - lands Low, Low-lands
 go a - long the tide, — And he sank all in the Low - lands Low, Low-lands

cresc.



Four times		Last time
Low, — And be sunk all in the Low - lands	Low.	
Low, — If you sink her in the Low - lands	Low.	
Low, — And they sank all in the Low - lands	Low.	
Low, — And I'll sink thee in the Low - lands	Low.	
Low, — And he sank all in the Low - lands		Low.

f

LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato

VOICE

1. As I look'd o - ver the cas - tie wall To—
no! I've not had an ill sick - ness, Nor been
no! it is not a no-ble, no-ble knight, Nor—
I will mar - ry your daugh - ter Jane And—

PIANO

*mf**p*

see what I could see,
court-ing with an - y young man;
an - y gen - tile - man;
take her by the hand,

O what should I spy but my own fa - ther's ship Come a -
But I have been sick, and sick to my heart Since—
But I have been wooed by young Wil - liam Who is
And to - day I will sup and dine with you; But a

sail - ing a - long the sea, come a - sail - ing a - long the sea?
you've been so long at sea, since you've been so long at sea.
one of your serv - ing - men; who is one of your serv - ing - men.
fig for all your land, but a fig for all your land!

*cresc.**f colla voce**mf*

2. O what is the mat - ter, my daugh - ter Jane, That you do — look so —
 4. O is it a — ny — no-ble, no-ble knight, Or — an — y — gen - tle —
 6. If you will mar - ry my — daugh - ter Jane And take her — by — the —
 8. For I have hous - es and — I have land, And mon - ey at my com -

p *mf* *sfz*

wan? I — fear you have had some — ill — sick - ness, Or been
 man? Or — is it, by chance, that — reck - ish — lad That has
 hand, This — day you shall sup and — dine — with — me, And be
 mand; And — had it not been for your daugh - ter — Jane, I was

p

court - ing with some young man, — or been court - ing with some young
 just re - turn'd from Spain, — that has just re - turn'd from
 heir to — all my land, — and be heir to all my
 rev - er your serv - ing - man, — I was nev - er your serv - ing -

cresc. *f colla voce*

Three times Last time

man. 3. O
 Spain? 5. O
 land. 7. O

man. *mf* *più rall.*

THE GREEN WEDDING

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato

VOICE

1. There was a Squire lived in the East, a Squire of high de-gree, Who went
was a far-mer lived close by, he had an on-ly son, Who came
wrote the Squire a let-ter and seal'd it with her hand, And she
wrote her back a-noth-er: Go— dress your-self in green; In a
look-ed East, he look-ed West, he look'd all o'er his land, And there

PIANO

court-ing of a coun-try girl, a come-ly maid was she; But when her fa-ther heard of it, an
court-ing of this girl un-til her love he thought he'd won; Her moth-er gave him her con-sent, her
said: This day I'm to be wed un-to a-noth-er man. The first few lines he look'd up-on he
suit all of the same at your wed-ding I'll be seen; In a suit all of the same to your
came to him full eight score men, all of a Scot-tish band. He mount-ed them on milk-white- steeds, a

an-gry man was he, He re-quest-ed of his daugh-ter dear to shun his com-pan-y. To my
fa-ther his like-wise, Un-til she cried: I am un-done! and tears fell from her eyes. To my
smiled and thus did say: O I may de-priv him of his bride all on his wed-ding day. To my
wed-ding I'll re-pair, O my dear-est dear I'll have you yet in spite of all that's there. To my
sin-gle man rode he; Then all the way to the wed-ding-hall went the com-pan-y dress'd in green. To my

ral - ly, dal - ly, di - do, ral - ly, dal - ly, day. To my ral - ly, dal - ly, di - do,
 ral - ly, dal - ly, di - do, ral - ly, dal - ly, day. To my ral - ly, dal - ly, di - do,
 ral - ly, dal - ly, di - do, ral - ly, dal - ly, day. To my ral - ly, dal - ly, di - do,
 ral - ly, dal - ly, di - do, ral - ly, dal - ly, day. To my ral - ly, dal - ly, di - do,

rall. *a tempo* *più rall.*

sfz *dim. e rall.* *mf* *sfz*

ral - ly, dal - ly, day. 2. There
 ral - ly, dal - ly, day. 3. She
 ral - ly, dal - ly, day. 4. He
 ral - ly, dal - ly, day. 5. He
 day.

a tempo *Eight times* *Last time*

a tempo *f* *ff con fuoco* *ppv*

6.

When he came to the wedding-hall, they unto him did say:
 You are welcome, Sir, you're welcome, Sir, where have you spent the day?
 He laughed at them, he scorned at them, and unto them did say:
 You may have seen my merry men come riding by this way.

¶ To my rally, dally, dido,
 Rally, dally, day. ¶

7.

The Squire he took a glass of wine and filled it to the brim:
 Here is health unto the man, said he, the man they call the groom;
 Here's health unto the man, said he, who may enjoy his bride —
 Though another man may love her too, and take her from his side.

¶ To my rally, dally, dido,
 Rally, dally, day. ¶

8.

Then up and spoke the farmer's son, an angry man was he:
 If it is to fight that you come here, 'tis I'm the man for thee!
 It's not to fight that I am here, but friendship for to show;
 So let me kiss your bonny bride, and away from thee I'll go.

¶ To my rally, dally, dido,
 Rally, dally, day. ¶

9.

He took her by the waist so small, and by the grass-green sleeve,
 And he led her from the wedding-hall, of no one asking leave.
 The band did play, the bugles sound, most glorious to be seen,
 And all the way to Headingbourne Town went the company dressed in green.

¶ To my rally, dally, dido,
 Rally, dally, day. ¶

THE BRIERY BUSH

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARPAllegretto semplice 

VOICE

1. O — hang — man, stay thy hand, — And stay it for a
fa — ther, have you my gold? — And can you set me
I've not brought thee gold, — And I can't set thee

PIANO

*p legato**Play three times**cresc.*

while, — For I fan — cy I see my fa — ther A — com — ing a — cross the yon — der
free? — Or are you come to see me hung — All on the gal — lows —
free? — But I have come to see thee hung — All on the gal — lows —

dim.

stile. — 2. O —
tree? — 3. No,

4. O the bri — e — ry bush, — That

tree. —

p

pricks my heart so sore;— If I once get out of the bri-e-ry bush, I'll

cresc. *dim.*

nev-er get in an-y more. 5. O— more.

D.S. ad lib. *Last time*

D.S. *p*

The above verses are repeated ad libitum, with the substitution of other relatives, e. g. "mother," "brother," "sister," etc. for "father." The arrival of the "true-love" brings the song to a close as follows:—

5.

O hangman, stay thy hand,
And stay it for a while,
For I fancy I see my true-love a-coming
Across the yonder stile.

6.

O true-love, have you my gold?
And can you set me free?
Or are you come to see me hung
All on the gallows tree?

7.

O yes, I've brought thee gold,
And I can set thee free;
And I've not come to see thee hung
All on the gallows tree

8.

O the briery bush,
That pricks my heart so sore;
Now I've got out of the briery bush,
I'll never get in any more.

18

LORD RENDAL

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante con moto

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Where have you been all the day,
2. What have you been eat - ing,
3. Where_ did she get them from,

mf

Ren - dal, my son? Where have you been all the day, my pret - ty one? I've
Ren - dal, my son? What have you been eat - ing, my pret - ty one? O
Ren - dal, my son? Where_ did she get them from, my pret - ty one? From

been to my sweet-heart, moth-er, I've been to my sweet-heart,
eels and eel broth, moth-er, O eels and eel broth,
hed - ges and ditch - es, moth-er, From hed - ges and ditch - es,

mf

Tea * *Tea* * *Tea* *

L'istesso tempo

moth-er, _____ make my bed soon, For I'm sick to my heart and I
 moth-er, _____ make my bed soon, For I'm sick to my heart and I
 moth-er, _____ make my bed soon, For I'm sick to my heart and I

fain would lie down. down.
 fain would lie down.
 fain would lie down.

Seven times *Last time*

rall. e dim. *pp*

4.

What was the colour on their skin, Rendal, my son?
 What was the colour on their skin, my pretty one?
 O spickit and sparkit, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

5.

What will you leave your father, Rendal, my son?
 What will you leave your father, my pretty one?
 My land and houses, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

6.

What will you leave your mother, Rendal, my son?
 What will you leave your mother, my pretty one?
 My gold and silver, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

7.

What will you leave your brother, Rendal, my son?
 What will you leave your brother, my pretty one?
 My cows and horses, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

8.

What will you leave your lover, Rendal, my son?
 What will you leave your lover, my pretty one?
 A rope to hang her, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW

Collected and arranged
CECIL J. SHARP

Con brio

VOICE

PIANO

f *p*

1. There was a far - mer's
2. He look - ed high, he
3. Cast o - ver me my
4. If you come down to my
5. He mount - ed on a

son Kept sheep all on the hill; And

look - ed low, He cast an un - der look; And

man - tle fair And pin it o'er my gown; And,

fa - ther's house, Which is wall - ed all a - round, Then

milk - white steed And she up - on an - oth - er; And

he walk'd out one May morn - ing To see what he could kill.

there he saw a fair pret - ty maid Be - side the wa - t'ry brook.

if you will, take hold my hand, And I will be your own.

you shall have a kiss from me And twen - ty thou - sand pound.

then they rode a - long the lane Like sis - ter and like broth - er.

cresc.

And sing blow a - way the morn - ing dew The dew, and the dew.

Blow a - way the morn - ing dew, How sweet the winds do blow.

8.

As they were riding on alone,
 They saw some pooks of hay.
 O is not this a very pretty place
 For girls and boys to play?

Chorus { And sing blow away the morning dew,
 The dew and the dew.
 Blow away the morning dew,
 How sweet the winds do blow.

7.

But when they came to her father's gate,
 So nimble she popped in:
 And said: There is a fool without
 And here's a maid within.

Chorus And sing blow away etc.

8.

We have a flower in our garden,
 We call it Marigold:
 And if you will not when you may,
 You shall not when you wolde.

Chorus. And sing blow away etc.

THE TWO MAGICIANS

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Vivace

VOICE *p*

1. O She look'd out of the win - dow as white as an - y milk:— But

PIANO *p*

He look'd in - to the win - dow as black as an - y silk:— Hul - loa, hul-loa, hul -

loa, hul - loa, you coal - black smith! you have done me no harm— You

nev - er shall change my maid - en name that I have kept so long;— I'd rath - er die a

cresc. *mf*

p *cresc.* *mf*

maid. Yes, but then she said, And be bur-ied all in my grave_ than I'd have such a nas - ty,

cresc.

cresc.

husk - y, dusk - y, must - y, fusk - y, coal - black smith_ A maid - en I will

f

f

colla voce

die. —

Fine *p*

2. Then she be - came a duck, — A
3. Then she be - came a hare, — A
4. Then she be - came a fly, — A

Fine

ff

p

duck all on the stream; — And he be - came a wa - ter - dog And fetch'd her back a - gain. —
hare up - on the plain; — And he be - came a grey - hound dog And fetch'd her back a - gain. —
fly all in the air; — And he be - came a spi - der And fetch'd her to his lair. —

f

D.S.

D.S.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Lento

VOICE

1. Six Lords went a - hunt - ing Down by the sea -
No - ble Duke of Bed - ford The sea had up -
him I did wor - ship, Who no more will

PIANO

*p**p*

side, - And they spied a dead - bod - y Wash'd a - way by the tide. 2. They
thrown, 'Twas the no - ble Duke of Bed - ford The sea had up - thrown. 5. But
speak To kin - dred and - vas - sals Who gaze on the form 8. Of the

took him to Ports - mouth, The place he was known - And
some folks dis - pu - ted The hunt - men's bare word, - Un -
no - ble Duke of Bed - ford In his cof - fin of stone, - Of the

cresc.

straight a - way to Lon - don To the place he was born. 3. They o - pen'd his
til a grand la - dy Cried: - 'Tis my dear lord. 6. She kneel'd down be -
no - ble Duke of Bed - ford In his cof - fin of stone. 9. With - in Wo - burn

*mf**p*

bow-els And stretch'd out his feet,— And gar-nish'd him all o-ver With—
 side him And kiss'd his cold cheek— And sad-ly did— mur-mur: My—
 Ab-bey His bod-y was laid,— A-mongst his an-ces-tors, Whose

cresc.

First & second times *Last time*
 lil-ies so sweet. 4. 'Twas the 10. And a weird rush of wa-ters Is
 poor heart will break. 7. For dead.

dim. *p* *p legato*

heard to this day,— When a no-ble Duke of Bed-ford Is— pass-ing a—

cresc. *f*

way.

f *mf* *dim.* *p* *rall.*

DEATH AND THE LADY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante sostenuto

VOICE

1. As I walk'd out one day, one day, I met an a - ged man -
said: Old man, what man are you? What coun - try do you be -
give you gold, I'll give you pēarl, I'll give you cost - ly rich -

PIANO

p

cresc.

mf

by the way; His head was bald, his beard was gray His
long un - to? My name is Death, hast heard of me? All
robes to wear, If you will spare me a lit - tle while, And

cloth-ing made of the cold earth - en clay, His cloth-ing made of the cold earth - en
kings and prin - ces bow down un - to me, And you, fair maid, must come a - long with
give me time my life to a - mend, And give me time my life to a -

First and Second times *Third time*

clay. 2. I 4. I'll have no gold, I'll have no pearl, I
me. 3. I'll six months' time— this fair maid died. Let
mend

want no cost - ly rich robes— to wear. I can - not spare you a — lit - tle
this be put on my— tomb-stone, she cried: Here lies a poor, dis - tress - ed

while, — Nor give you time— your life to a - mend, Nor give you time— your
maid; — Just in her bloom she was snatch - ed a - way, Her cloth - ing made of the

First time *Second time*

life— to a - mend. 5. In clay.
cold— earth - en

THE LOW, LOW LANDS OF HOLLAND

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. The ver - y day I was mar - ried, That
 Hol - land is a cold place, A
 build my love a gal - lant ship, A
 moth - er to the daugh - ter: What
 not a swaithes goes round my waist, Nor a

PIANO

night I lay on my bed; A press - gang came to
 place where grows no green, And Hol - land is a
 ship of no - ted fame, With four and twen - ty
 makes you to la - nent? O there are lords and
 comb goes in my hair, Nei-ther fire - light nor

my bed - side These words to me they said: A -
 cold place For my love to wan - der in. Though
 sea - men bold To box her on the main. They'll
 dukes and squires Can ease your heart's con - tent. But
 can - dle - light Can ease my heart's des - pair. And

rise, a - rise, a rise, young man, And come a - long with
 mon-ey had been as plen - ti - ful As leaves up - on the
 rant and roar in spar - kling glee Where - some ev - er they do
 nev - er will I mar - ried be Un - til the day I
 nev - er will I mar - ried be Un - til the day I

me, with me, To the low, low lands of Hol - land To
 tree, the tree, Yet be - fore I'd time to turn my - self My
 go, do go, To the low, low lands of Hol - land, To
 die, I die, Since the low, low lands of Hol - land Have
 die, I die, Since the low, low lands of Hol - land Have

cresc. *f*

face your en - e - my.
 love was stol'n from me.
 face the dar - ing foe.
 part - ed my love and me.
 part - ed my love and me.

2. But
 3. I'll
 4. Says the
 5. There's

dim. *mf* *p*

Last time

THE UNQUIET GRAVE

or
COLD BLOWS THE WIND

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante

VOICE

1. Cold blows the wind to my true love, And
2. I'll do as much for my sweet-heart As
3. When the twelve-month and one day was past, The
4. There's one thing that I want, sweet-heart, There's

PIANO

gen - tly drops the rain, — I nev - er had but one sweet-heart, And in
an - y young man may; — I'll sit and mourn all on her grave For a
ghost be - gan to speak; — Why sit - test here all on my grave, And
one thing that I crave; — And that is a kiss from your lil - y-white lips — Then —

*cresc.**mf*

green - wood she lies slain, And in green - wood she lies slain. —
twelve-month and a day, For a twelve-month and a day. —
will not let me sleep? And will not let me sleep? —
I'll go from your grave, Then I'll go from your grave. —

dim.

5. My breast it is as cold as clay, My breath smells earth - ly
 6. Go fetch me wa - - ter from the des - ert, And blood from out of a
 7. O down in yon - - der grave, sweet-heart, Where you and I would
 8. The stalk is with - er'd and dry, sweet-heart, And the flow - er will nev - er re -
 9. When shall we meet a - gain, sweet-heart? When shall we meet a -

p

strong; — And if you kiss my cold clay lips, Your —
 stone; — Go fetch me milk from a fair maid's breast That a
 walk, — The first flow - er that ev - er I saw Is —
 turn; — And since I lost my own sweet-heart, What —
 gain? — When the oak - en leaves that fall from the trees Are —

cresc. *mf*

days they won't be long, — Your days they won't be long. —
 young man nev - er had known, — That a young man nev - er had known. —
 with - er'd to a stalk, — Is with - er'd to a stalk. —
 can I do but mourn? — What can I do but mourn? —
 green and spring up a - gain, — Are green and spring up a - gain. —

dim.

THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto espressivo

VOICE

p

1. The trees they do grow high, and the leavesthey do grow
 3. We'll send him to the col - lege for one— year or
 5. I made my Love a shroud of the hol - land, O so

PIANO

*p**p*

green; But the time is gone and past, my Love, that you and I have seen. It's a
 two, And— then per-haps in time, my Love, a man— he may grow, I will
 fine, And— ev - 'ry stitch I put in it— the tears came trink-ling down; And—

*cresc.**cresc.*

cold win - ter's night, my Love, when you and I must bide a - lone. The bon - ny lad was
 buy you white rib - bons to tie a - bout his bon - ny waist, To let the la - dies
 I will sit and mourn his fate un - til the day that I shall die, And watch all o'er his

*dim.**dim.*

young, but a - grow - ing. —
 know that he's mar - ried. —
 child while it's grow - ing. —

2. O fa - ther, dear fa - ther, I
 4. At the age— of six - teen O he
 6. O now my Love is dead and—

p

fear you've done me harm, — You've mar-ried me to a bon-ny boy, but I
was a mar-ried man, — At the age of sev-en-teen He was the
in his grave doth lie, — The green-grass that's o-ver him — it

fear he is too young. O — daugh-ter, dear-est daugh-ter, but
fa-ther of a son, At the age of eight-teen my Love, his
grow-eth up so high. O — once I had a sweet-heart, but

if you stay at home with me A La-dy you shall be, while he's
grave it was a-grow-ing green, And so she saw the end of his
now I have got nev-er a one, So fare you well, my own true Love, for

First and second times *Third time*
grow-ing. —
grow-ing. —
ev-er. —
sfz *sfz* *dim.* *p*

LORD LOVEL

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. Lord Lov-el he stood at his own cas-tle gate, A -
long you'll be gone— Lord Lov-el? she said; How
rode and he rode on his milk - white steed, Till he
or - der'd the grave to be o - pen'd a - wide, And the
one— was bur - ied in the low - er chan - cel, The

PIANO

p e legato

comb-ing his milk - white steed,— When up came La - dy Nan - cy Belle To
long you'll be gone? cried she.— In a year or two, or three at the most, I'll re-
came— to Lon - don Town; And there he heard the church - bells ring And the
shroud to be turn'd a - round;— And then he kiss'd her cold clay cheeks Till the
oth - er was bur-ied in the high'r,— From one sprang out a gal-lant red rose, From the

wish— her lov - er good speed, good speed, To— wish her lov - er good speed. 2. O
turn to my La - dy Nan - cy, - cy, - cy, I'll re - turn to my La - dy Nan - cy. 4. He
peo - ple all mourn-ing a - round, a - round, And the peo - ple all mourn-ing a - round. 6. Ah!
tears came trick - ling down, down, down, Till the tears came trick - ling down. 8. La - dy
oth - er a gil - ly flow - er, flow - er, From the oth - er a gil - ly flow - er. 10. And

where are you go - ing, Lord Lov - el? she said, O where are you go - ing? cried
 had not been gone but a year and a day, Strange coun - tries for__ to
 who__ is dead? Lord Lov - el he cried, Ah! who__ is dead? cried
 Nan - cy she died as it might be to - day, Lord Lov - el he died as to
 there__ they grew__ and turn'd__ and twined Till they gain'd__ the chan - cel

she: I'm go - ing, my La - dy Nan - cy Belle, Strange coun - tries for__ to
 see, When a strange thought came in - to his head, He'd go and see La - dy Nan -
 he. An old wo - man said: Some la - dy is dead, They call - ed her La - dy Nan -
 mor - row; La - dy Nan - cy she died out of pure, pure grief, Lord Lov - el he died out of
 top, And there__ they grew and turn'd and twined And tied in a true lov - er's

see, see, see, Strange coun - tries for__ to see. 3. How
 cy, - cy, - cy, He'd go and see La - dy Nan - cy. 5. He
 cy, - cy, - cy, They call - ed her La - dy Nan - cy. 7. He
 sor - row, row, Lord Lov - el he died out of sor - row. 9. The
 knot, knot, knot, And tied in a true lov - er's knot.____

Four times *Last time*

FALSE LAMKIN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. The Lord said to the La - dy, Be - fore he went
durst I go — down in the dead of the
me your daugh - ter Bet - sy, She will do me some

PIANO

f

dim.

mf

out: Be - ware of false Lam-kin, He's a - walk - ing a - bout. 2 What care
night? Where there's no fire a - kin - dled, No can - dle a - light. 6 As
good; She will hold the sil - ver ba - sin To catch her own heart's blood. 10 Pret - ty

cresc.

f

dim.

p

I for false Lam - kin Or an - y of his kin? When the doors are all—
she was a - go - ing down, And think - ing no harm, False— Lam-kin he—
Bet - sy, be - ing up — At the win - dow so high, Saw her own dear - est—

mf

bolt - ed And the win-dows close pinn'd. 3. At the back kitch - en win - dow False
 caught her Right tight in his arm. 7. O spare my life! O spare my life! My
 fa - ther Come a - rid - ing close by. 11. Dear fa - ther! dear fa - ther! O

Lam - kin crept in; And he prick - ed one of the el - der babes With a bright sil - ver
 life that's so sweet; You shall have as man - y bright guin - eas As stones in the
 blame not of me; For it was false Lam - kin Mur - der'd ba - by and

pin. 4. O Nurse - maid! O Nurse - maid! How sound you do sleep; Can't you
 street. 8. O spare my life! O spare my life! Till one of the clock; You shall
 she. 12. Here's blood in the kitch - en, Here's blood in the hall, Here's

First & second times Third time

hear one of those el-der babes A - try - ing to weep? 5. How 13. False
 have my daugh-ter— Bet - sy, She's the flow'r of the flock. 9. Fetch
 blood in the— par - lour, Where the La - dy did fall.

Lam - kin shall be hung On the gal-lows so high; While his bones shall be—

burn - ed In the fire— close by.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. Lord Thom-as he was a bold for-es-ter, And
 way—he flew to fair El-li-nor's bow'r And
 rid-dle, my moth-er, come rid-dle, she said, Come
 El-li-nor dress'd in her rich—ar-ray, Her

PIANO

*p**legato*

keep-er of our king's deer;— Fair El-li-nor she was a gay la-dy, Lord
 tin-gled so loud at the ring;— No one was so read-y as fair El-li-nor To
 rid-dle it un-to me;— Wheth-er I to Lord Thom-as-'s wed-dingshall go, Or
 mer-ry men all in green;— And ev-'ry town that she rode through They

Thom-as he loved her dear, 2. Now rid-dle my rid-dle, dear moth-er, said she, And
 let— Lord Thom-as in. 5. What news,— what news,— what news? she cried, What
 wheth-er I stay with thee. 8. It's hun-dreds are— your friends, daugh-ter, And
 took— her for some queen. 11. She rode till she came to Lord Thom-as-'s house; She

rid - die it all in one; — Wheth - er 'I shall mar - ry the
 news hast thou brought un - to me? — I am come to bid thee to
 thous - ands are your foes; — There - fore I beg thee with
 tin - gled so loud at the ring; — There was none so read - y as Lord

brown girl, Or bring fair El - li - nor home. 3. The brown girl she has
 my wed-ding, Be - neath the syc - a - more tree. 6. O, God for - bid that
 all my bless-ing To Lord Thom-as-'s wed-ding don't go. 9. It's thous - ands are my
 Thom-as him-self To let fair El - li - nor in. 12. He took her by the

hous - es and land, Fair — El - li - nor she has none; — Where - fore I charge you up -
 an - y such thing Should ev - er pass by my side; — I thought that thou wouldst have
 friends, moth - er; And — hun - dreds are my foes; — So be - tide my life, and be -
 lil - y-white hand And — led — her through the hall, — And sat her down in the

on my bless - ing To bring the brown girl home. 4. So a -
 been my bride - groom And I should have been thy bride. 7. Come
 tide — my death, To Lord Thom - as - 's wed - ding I'll go. 10. Fair
 no - blest chair A - mongst the la - dies all. 13. Is

dim. *p*

mire. —

13.

Is this your bride, Lord Thomas? she said,
 Methinks she looks wonderfully brown;
 When you could have had the fairest lady
 That ever trod English ground.

14.

Despise her not, Lord Thomas then said,
 Despise her not unto me;
 For more do I love thy little finger
 Than all her whole body.

15.

The brown girl had a little penknife,
 Which was both long and sharp;
 'Twixt the small ribs and the short she pricked
 Fair Ellinor to the heart.

16.

Oh! what is the matter, Fair Ellen? he said,
 Methinks you look wondrous wan;
 You used to have as fair a colour
 As ever the sun shone on.

17.

Oh! are you blind, Lord Thomas? she said,
 Oh! can you not very well see?
 Oh! can you not see my own heart's blood
 Come trinkling down my knee?

18.

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,
 As he walked through the hall;
 He took off the brown girl's head from her shoulders
 And flung it against the wall.

19.

He put the handle to the ground,
 The sword unto his heart.
 No sooner did three lovers meet,
 No sooner did they part.

Spoken { Make me a grave both long and wide,
 And lay fair Ellinor by my side —
 And the brown girl at my feet.

20.

Lord Thomas was buried in the church,
 Fair Ellinor in the choir,
 And from her bosom there grew a red rose,
 And cut of Lord Thomas the briar.

21.

They grew till they reached the church tip top,
 When they could grow no higher,
 And then they entwined like a true lover's knot,
 For all true lovers to admire.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto

VOICE

1. Queen Jane was in la - bour For —
 Hen - ry was a - sent for, King —
 Jane, my love, Queen Jane, my love, Such a
 Hen - ry went mourn - ing And —

PIANO

p e legato

six days or more, Till her wo - men got tired And wished it were —
 Hen - ry did come home For to meet with Queen Jane: My love Your eyes do look so
 thing was nev - er known, If you have your right side o - pen'd You will lose your dear ba -
 so did his men And so did his dear ba - by For Queen Jane did di -

o'er. 2. Good wo - men, good wo - men, Good wo - men if you be, Will you
 dim. 4. King Hen - ry, King Hen - ry, King Hen - ry if you be, If you
 by. 6. Will you build your love a cas - tle And lie down so deep For to
 en. 8. How deep was the mourn - ing How wide were the bands, How —

mf *f*

Three times

send for King— Hen - ry, For King Hen - ry I must see. 3. King
 have my right side o - pen'd You will find my dear ba - by. 5. Queen
 bu - ry my— bo - dy And chris-ten my dear ba - by. 7. King
 yel-low, yel-low were the flam - boys They car - ried in their

Fourth time

hands. 9. There was fid - dling, there was dan - cing On the day the babe was

born, While the roy - al Queen Jane be-loved Lay cold as a — stone.

30 FAREWELL, NANCY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante

VOICE

1. Fare - well, my dear - est Nan - cy, since I must now_
3. Your pret - ty lit - tle hands_ can't han - dle our_

PIANO

f *p*

leave you; Un - to the salt seas I am bound for to go; But
tack - le, And your pret - ty lit - tle feet on our top - mast can't go; And the

let my long ab - sence be no trou - ble to you, For I shall re -
cold storm - y weath - er, Love, you ne'er can en - dure, There - fore, dear - est

mf

turn in the spring, as you know.
Nan - cy, to the seas do not go.

2. Like some pret - ty lit - tle
4. So fare - well, my dear - est

sea - boy, I will dress and go with you; In the deep - est of dan - ger, I
Nan - cy, since I must now leave you; Un - to the salt seas I am

f
marcato

shall stand your friend; In the cold storm - y weath - er, when the winds are a -
bound for to go, Where the winds do blow high and the seas loud do -

sfz *mf*

blow - ing, My dear I shall be will - ing to wait on you then.
roar; So make your - self con - tent - ed; be kind and stay on shore.

dim. *p*

SWEET KITTY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. As he was a - rid - ing, and a -
2. I gave her a wink - and she -
3. Come sad - dle my horse - and a -
4. Six times he rode round - her, but -

PIANO

p

Play 4 times

rid - ing one day, He met with sweet Kit - ty all on the high -
roll'd her black eye; Thinks I to my - self I'll be there by - and
way I will ride To meet with sweet Kit - ty down by the sea -
he did not know; She smiled in his face and said: There goes my

way;
by.
side.
beau.

Sing fol the did - dle de - ro,

Fol the did - dle de - ro, Sing

mf

f

le - ro - i - day.

5. I said: Pret - ty maid - en, don't—
 6. If you'd know my name, you must—
 7. Come, all pret - ty maid - ens, who -

smile in my face, I do not in - tend to stay long in — this
 go and en - quire; I was born in old Eng - land, brought up in — York -
 ev - er you be, With rov - ing young fel - lows don't make your - self

place.
 shire. } Sing fol the did - dle de - ro, Fol the did - dle de - ro, Sing
 free. }

mf *f*

le - ro - i - day. day.

First & 2d times Last time

mf *dim. e rall.*

THE CRYSTAL SPRING

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Con espressione

VOICE

PIANO

1. Down

by
youngsome_ crys - tal
men_ I _spring
know,where the
great_night - in -
kind - ness_gales sing,
will_ show,

Most_

plea - sant it is, in

They will

of - fer_ and_

sea - son, to
prof - fer muchhear the
more thangroves_ ring.
they'll_ do;

Down_ by

the riv - er

And when ev -

- er they can

side,
finda young
a_cap - tain
maid - enI es - pi - ed,
that's kind,

En - treat - ing of_ his_

With

laugh - ing and_

true love, for to be — his bride. 2. Dear Phyl - lis, — says — he, can —
 chaff - ing they'll change like the wind: 4. But if e'er I — prove — false to my

f *dim.* *p*

you fan - cy — me? All — in your soft — bow - ers a crown it shall —
 soft lit - tle — dove May the o - cean turn — des - ert; and the el - e - ments —

cresc. *mf* *dim.*

be: You shall take — no — pain, I — will you main - tain, — My
 move; For wher - ev - er I shall be, I'll be con - stant to thee. — Like a

p *dim.* *p* *cresc.*

ship she's a - load - ed, just — come in from Spain. 3. There are
 ro - ver — I will wan - der and — swim through the sea.

f *mf* *p* *rit.*

First time Second time

THE SEEDS OF LOVE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andantino

VOICE

1. I sow'd the Seeds of Love, And I
gar - den 'was plant - ed well With
gar - d'ner was stand - ing by; And I
Vi - o - let I did not like, Be -
June there was a red Rose - bud, And—

PIANO

p e legato *cresc.*

sow'd them in the spring: I gath - er'd them up in the
flow - ers ev - 'ry - where: But . I had not the lib - er - ty to
ask'd him to choose for me. He chose for me the Vi - o - let, the
cause it bloom'd so soon. The Lil - y and the Pink I
that is the flow'r for me. I oft - en - times have pluck'd that—

dim. *mf*

morn - ing so soon, While the small birds so sweet - ly sing, While the
choose for my - self Of the flow'rs that I love so dear, Of the
Lil - y and the Pink, But those I re - fused all three, But—
real - ly o - ver - think So I vow'd that I would wait till June, So I
red— Rose - bud Till I gain - ed the wil - low - tree, Till I

cresc. *f* *dim.*

small birds so sweet - ly sing. 2. My 6. The wil - low-tree will
 flow-ers that I love so dear. 3. The
 those I re-fused all three. 4. The
 vow'd that I would wait till June. 5. In
 gain - ed the will - low - - - tree.

Four times *Fifth time*

p *p*

twist. And the wil - low-tree will twine, I oft-en-times have wish'd I were in

mf

that young man's arms That once had the heart of mine, That

cresc. *p*

once had the heart of mine. 7 Come, all you false young men, Do not

leave me here to com - plain: For the grass that has oft - en - times been

tram-pled un - der foot, Give it time, it will rise up a - gain, Give it

time, it will rise up a - gain.

THE SPRIG OF THYME

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante con moto

VOICE

1. O

once I had thyme of my
June there was a red - a - ro - sy

PIANO

*mf**p*own,
bud,And in my own gar - den it grew; I
And that seem'd the flow - er for me; And*cresc.**dim.*used to know the place where my thyme it did grow, But now it is cov - er'd with
oft - en - times I snatch - ed at the red - a - ro - sy bud, Till I gain - ed the wil - low,*mf*rue, with rue, But now it is cov - er'd with rue.
wil - low tree, Till I gain - ed the wil - low tree.

2. The

5. O the

cresc.

rue it is a flour-ish-ing thing, It flour-ish-es by night and by
 wil-low, wil-low tree it will twist, And the wil-low, wil-low tree it will

day; So be-ware of a young man's flat-ter-ing tongue, He will
 twine; And so it was that young and false-heart-ed man When he

steal your thyme a-way, a-way, He will steal your thyme a-
 gain-ed this heart of mine, of mine, When he gain-ed this heart of

way. 3. I sow-ed my gar-den full of
 mine. 6. O thyme it is a pre-cious, pre-cious

seeds; But the small birds they car - ried them a - way In
 thing On the road that the sun shines up - on; But

A - pril, May, and in June like - wise, When the small birds sing all
 thyme it is a thing that will bring you to an end, And that's how my time has

day, all day, When the small birds sing all day. 4. In
 gone, has gone, And that's how my time has

gone.

Second time

35 THE CUCKOO

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante dolente

VOICE

PIANO

1. O the cuc-koo she's a

p *rall.* *a tempo*

pret-ty bird, she_ sing-eth as she flies. She_ bring-eth good tid-ings, she_ tell-eth no_

lies. She_ suck - eth white flow-ers, for to keep her voice clear; And the

more she_ sing-eth cuc - koo, the sum - mer draw-eth near.

Fine *rall.* *Fine*

2. As I was a - walk - ing and a - talk - ing one day, I
 3. I wish I were a schol - ar and could han - dle the pen, I would

a tempo
legato

met my own true love, as he came that way. O to
 write to my lov - er and to all ro - ving men. I would

meet him was a plea - sure, though the court - ing was a woe, For I
 tell them of the grief and woe, that at - tend on their lies, I would

cresc.

found him false - heart - ed, he would kiss me and go. *D.S. al Fine*
 wish them have pi - ty on the flow - er when it dies.

f *dim.* *p* *D.S. al Fine*

36 BLACKBIRDS AND THRUSHES

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante affettuoso

VOICE

1. As I was a - walk - ing for
3. Her cheeks blushed like ro - ses, her

PIANO

my re - cre - a - tion; A down by the gar - dens I si - lent - ly
arms full of po - sies, She stray'd in the mead - ows and, weep - ing, she

stray'd, I heard a fair maid mak - ing great la - men - ta - tion, Cry - ing:
said: My heart it is ach - ing, my poor heart is break - ing, For

mf

colla voce

Jim - my will be slain in the wars I'm a - fraid.
Jim - my will be slain in the wars I'm a - fraid.

2. The black - birds and thrush - es sang in the green
 4. When Jim - my re - turn'd with his heart full of

bush - es; The wood - doves and larks seem'd to mourn for this maid; And the
 burn - ing, He found his dear Nan - cy all dead in her grave. He__

song that she sang was con - cern - ing her lov - er: O Jim - my will be
 cried: I'm for - sa - ken, my poor heart is break - ing, O would that I

mf *colla voce*

slain in the wars I'm a - fraid.
 nev - er had left this fair maid!

dim. *rall.*

First time Second time

THE DROWNED LOVER

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante doloroso

VOICE

1. As I was a - - walk - ing down in Stokes Bay, I
put her arms a - round him, say - ing: O my dear! She

PIANO

p *cresc.* *3*

met a drown - ed sail - or on the beach as he lay: And as I drew
wept and she kiss'd him ten thou - sand times. o'er. O I am con -

mf *3* *mf* *3*

nigh - him, it put me to a stand, When I knew it was my
tent - ed to lie by thy side. And in a few

cresc. *3* *dim.* *p* *cresc.* *3* *p*

own true Love, by the mark on his hand.
mo - ments this lov - er she died.

cresc. *dim.* *3* *p* *cresc.* *3* *dim.* *3* *3* *3*

p *cresc.* *3*

2. As he was a - sail - ing from his own dear shore, Where the waves and the
 4. And all in the church-yard these two were laid, And a stone for re -

p *3* *cresc.* *3*

bil - lows so - loud - ly do - roar, I said to my true Love: I shall
 mem - brance was - laid on her grave: My joys are all end - ed, my -

fz *f* *3*

dim. *p* *3*

see you no more, So - fare - well, my dear - est, you're the
 pleas - ures are - fled, This grave that I lie in is my

dim. *p* *cresc.* *colla voce* *3*

dim. *p* *p* Last time

lad I a - dore.
 new mar - ried bed.

3. She

dim. *p* *cresc.* *dim.* *p e rall.* *pp* *3*

THE SIGN OF THE BONNY BLUE BELL

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto

VOICE

1. As I was a -
2. I stepp'd up to
3. Six - teen, pret - ty
4. On Mon - day
5. On a Tues - day

PIANO

p *rall.* *a tempo* *mf*

walk-ing one morn - ing in Spring To hear the birds whis-tle and the night-in-gale
her and thus I did say: Pray tell me your age— and where you be -
maid, you are young for to mar-ry, I'll leave you the oth-er four years for to
night when I go there To pow-der my locks and to cur-dle my
morn-ing the bells they shall ring And three pret - ty maid-ens so sweet-ly shall

sing, I heard a fair dam-sel, so sweet - ly sang she; Say-ing:
long, I be-long to the sign of the Bon - ny Blue Bell; My—
tar-ry, You speak like a man— with - out an - y skill; Four—
hair, There were three pret - ty maid - ens for me a - wait - ing, Say - ing:
sing: So neat and so gay— is my gold - en ring, Say - ing:

cresc. *mf* *dim.*

I will be mar - ried on a Tues - day morn - ing, I heard a fair
 age is six - teen and you — know ver - y well, I be - long to the
 years I've been sin - gle a - gainst my own will, You speak like a
 I will be mar - ried on a Tues - day morn - ing, There were three pret - ty
 I shall be mar - ried on a Tues - day morn - ing, So neat and so

p *cresc.*

dam - sel, so sweet - ly sang she; Say - ing: I will be mar - ried on a
 sign of the Bon - nie Blue Bell; My — age is six - teen and you —
 man — with - out an - y skill; Four — years I've been sin - gle a -
 maid - ens for me a - wait - ing, Say - ing: I will be mar - ried on a
 gay — is my gold - en ring, Say - ing: I shall be mar - ried on a

mf *f* *dim.*

Four times Last time

Tues - day morn - ing.
 know ver - y well.
 gainst my own will.
 Tues - day morn - ing.
 Tues - day morn - ing.

mf *p*

O WALY, WALY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP.

Andante con espressione

VOICE

1. The wa - ter is

PIANO

p

wide, I can - not get o'er And nei - ther have I wings to—
hand in - to one soft bush, Think - ing the sweet - est flow'r to—
plant - ed, O there it grows, It buds and blos - soms like some
ship sail - ing on the sea, She's load - ed deep as deep can—

fly. O go and get me some lit - tle boat To car - ry o'er my true love and
find. I prick'd my fin - ger to the bone, And left the sweet - est— flow'r a -
rose; It has a— sweet and a pleas - ant smell, No flow'r on earth can— it ex -
be, But not so deep as in love I— am; I care not if I— sink or—

rall. *a tempo*

1. lone. cel. swim. 2. A - down in the mead - ows the oth - er day, A - gath - 'ring 4. I lean'd my back up a - gainst some oak, Think - ing it 6. Must I be bound, O, and she go free! Must I love 8. O love is hand - some and love is fine, And love is

rall. *a tempo*

flow'rs, both fine and gay, A - gath - 'ring flow - ers, both red and blue, I lit - tle was a trust - y tree. But first he bend - ed and then he broke, So did my one that does not love me! Why should I act such a child - ish part, And love a charm - ing when it is true; As it grows old - er it grow - eth cold - er And fades a -

Three times *Last time*

thought what love could do. 3. I put my love prove false to me. 5. Where love is girl that will break my heart. 7. There is a way like the morn - ing dew.

più rall. *a tempo* *morendo*

40 GREEN BUSHES

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto

VOICE

1. As I was a - walk - ing one
buy you fine beav - ers and a
let us be go - ing, kind

PIANO

mf *p* *Play 3 times*

morn - ing in Spring, For to hear the birds whis - tle and the night - in - gales
fine silk - en gownd, I will buy you fine pet - ti - coats with the flounce to the
sir, if you please; Come let us be go - ing from be - neath the green

cresc. *mf*

sing, I saw a young dam - sel, so sweet - ly sang
ground, If you will prove loy - al and con - stant to
trees, For my true Love is com - ing down yon - der I

she: Down by the Green Bush - es he thinks to meet me.
me: And for - sake your own true Love, I'll be mar - ried to thee.
see, Down by the Green Bush - es, where he thinks to meet me.

p *cresc.* *mf*

2. I step - ped up to her and thus I did say: Why—
 4. I want none of your pet - ti - coats and your fine silk - en shows: I—
 6. And when he came there and he found she was gone, He—

wait you, my fair one, so long by the way? My true Love, my
 nev - er was so poor as to mar - ry for clothes; But if you will prove
 stood like some lamb - kin, for - ev - er un - done; She has gone with some

true Love, so sweet - ly sang she, Down by the Green Bush - es he
 loy - al and con - stant to me I'll for - sake my own true Love and get
 oth - er, and for - sak - en me, So a - dieu to Green Bush - es for -

thinks to meet me.
 mar - ried to thee.
 ev - er, cried he.

3. I'll
 5. Come

41 BEDLAM

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto teneroso

VOICE

1. A - broad as I was walk-ing one morn-ing in the
love he'll not come near me to hear the moan I

PIANO

p

p

Spring, I heard a maid in Bed-lam so sweet-ly she did sing; Her-
make, And neith-er would he pi-ty me if my poer heart should break; But,-

cresc.

chains she rat-tled in her hands, and al-ways so sang she.
though I've suf-fer'd for his sake, con-tent-ed will I be, For I

love my love be-cause I know he first loved me.
love my love be-cause I know he first loved me.

cresc.

colla voce

dim.

p

2. My love he was sent from me by friends that were un-kind; They
 4. I said: My dear-est John-ny, are you my love or no? He

sent him far be-yond theseas all to tor-ment my mind. Al-though I've suf-fer'd..
 said: My dear-est Nan-cy, I've proved your o-ver-throw; But, though you've suf-fer'd..

for his sake, con-tent-ed will I be, For I love my love be-cause I know he
 for my sake, con-tent-ed will I be, For I love my love be-cause I know my

First and second times	Last time
first loved me.	3. My
love loves	me.

THE BOLD FISHERMAN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto con grazia

VOICE

1. As I walk'd out one May morn-ing Down by the riv - er -
he un - braced his morn-ing-gown And gen-tly laid it

PIANO

side, There I be - held a bold fish - er - man Come roll - ing down the
down; When she be - held three chains of gold Went trin-kl-ing three times

tide.
round.

2. Bold fish - er - man, bold fish - er - man, How come you fish - ing
5. Down on her bend - ded knees she fell, Cry-ing: Par-don, par - don

here? I'm come for you, fair la - dy gay, All down the riv - er
me, In call - ing you, a fish - er - man. Come roll - ing down the

clear. sea. 3. He tied his boat un - to a stand And
6. He took her by her lil - y-white hand, Cry-ing:

to this la - dy went; For to take hold of her
Fol - low, fol - low me; I'll take you to my

lil - y-white hand It was his full in - tent. 4. Then
fa - ther's house, And mar - ried we will be.

THE RAMBLING SAILOR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. I am a sail - or stout and bold, Long
you should want to know my name, My
king's per - mis - sion grant - ed me To

PIANO

mf

time I've plough'd the o - cean; I've fought for king and coun - try too, Won
name it is young John - son. I've got per - mis - sion from the king To
range the coun - try o - ver; From Bris - tol Town to Liv - er - pool, From

mf

hon - our and pro - mo - tion. I said: My broth - er sail - or I
court young girls and hand - some. I said: My dear, what
Ply - mouth Sound to Do - ver. And in what - ev - er

mf

bid you a - dieu, No more to the sea will I go with you; I'll
will you do? Here's ale and wine and bran - dy too; Be -
town I went, To court young maid - ens I was bent; And

cresc. *f* *dim.*

trav - el the coun - try through and through, And I'll be a ram - bling
sides a pair of new silk shoes, To trav - el with a ram - bling
mar - ry none was my in - tent, But live a ram - bling

mf

First and second times *Last time*

sail - or. 2. If
sail - or. 3. The sail - or.

dim.

DABBLING IN THE DEW

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro comodo *mf*

VOICE

1. O where are you go-ing to, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your
what is your fa - ther, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your
I should chance to kiss you, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your
will you be con - stant, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your

PIANO

mf

Play 4 times

red ro - sy cheeks, and your coal-black hair? I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, kind
red ro - sy cheeks, and your coal-black hair? My fa - ther's a farm - er, kind
red ro - sy cheeks, and your coal-black hair? The wind may take it off a - gain, kind
red ro - sy cheeks, and your coal-black hair? That I can - not prom - ise you, kind

p

sir, she an-swer'd me, And it's dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair. 2. O
sir, she an-swer'd me, And it's dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair. 4. And
sir, she an-swer'd me, For it's dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair. 6. O
sir, she an-swer'd me, For it's dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair. 8. Then

cresc.

may I go with you, my pret - ty lit - tle dear, With your red ro - sy cheeks, and your
 what is your moth - er, my pret - ty lit - tle dear, With your red ro - sy cheeks, and your
 say, will you mar - ry me, my pret - ty lit - tle dear, With your red ro - sy cheeks, and your
 I won't— mar - ry you, my pret - ty lit - tle dear, With your red ro - sy cheeks, and your

p

coal - black hair? O you may go with me, kind sir, she an - swer'd me, For it's
 coal - black hair? My moth - er's a dair - y - maid, kind sir, she an - swer'd me, And it's
 coal - black hair? O yes, if you please, — kind sir, she an - swer'd me, For it's
 coal - black hair? No - bod - y ask'd you, kind sir, she an - swer'd me, And it's

mf

cresc.

dab - bling in the dew makes the milk - maids fair. 3. And
 dab - bling in the dew makes the milk - maids fair. 5. If
 dab - bling in the dew makes the milk - maids fair. 7. O
 dab - bling in the dew makes the milk - maids fair.

mf *dim.* *p*

THE SAUCY SAILOR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante grazioso

VOICE

1. Come, my dear - est, come, my fair - est, Come and
rag - ged, love, you are dirt - y, love, And your
heard - those words come from - him, On her
cross - the bri - ny o - cean. Where the

PIANO

cresc.

tell - un - to - me,
clothes they smell of tar.
bend - ed knees she fell.
mead - ows they are green;

Will you pit - y a poor
So be - gone, - you sau - cy
To be sure, - I'll wed my
Since - you have had the -

dim.

cresc.

sail - or - boy,
sail - or - boy,
sail - or,
of - fer, love,

Who has just come - from sea?
So be - gone, you Jack Tar!
For I love him - so well.
An - oth - er shall have the ring.

2. I can
4. If I'm
6. Do you
8. For I'm

dim.

mf

fan - cy no poor sail - or: No poor sail - or for — me! For to
rag - ged, love, if I'm dirt - y, love, If my clothes they smell of tar, I have
think that I am fool - ish? Do you think that I am mad? That I'd
young, love, and I'm frolic - some, I'm good - tem - per'd, kind, and free: And I

cresc. *colla voce*

cross the wide — o — cean Is a ter - ror — to
sil - ver in my pock - et, love, And of gold a — bright
wed — with a poor coun - try girl Where no for - tune's to — be
don't care a — straw, — love, What the world says — of

colla voce *cresc.*

Three times *Last time*

me. 3. You are
store. 5. When she
had? 7. I will

me.

p *cresc.* *dim.* *p*

FANNY BLAIR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro ma non troppo

VOICE

1. Come all you_ young
young Fan- ny_—
day that_ young

PIANO

fe - males wher - ev - er you be, Be - ware of_ false swear - ing and
Blair, she is eight - een years old, And, as I_ must die, the
He - gan was doom - ed to die The peo - ple_ rose up with a

false per - ju - ry; For_ by a young fe - male I'm_ wound - ed full
truth I'll un - fold; I_ nev - er stole with_ her in_ all my life -
mur - mur - ing cry: If we catch her we'll crop_ her, she_ false - ly has

soon, You see I'm_ cut down in the height_ of my bloom..
time; It's a hard thing_ to die for an - oth - er one's crime..
sworn, Young He - gan_ dies in - no - cent we're all_ of us sure.

2. 'Twas last Mon - day — morn, as I lay — on my bed, A
 4. The day of — my — tri - al Squire Ver - non was there, And
 6. There's one fa - vour — more which I beg — of my friends, To

p *legato*

young man — came to me, and these — words he said: Rise — up! Thom - as
 on the — green ta - ble they hand - ed Miss Blair. False oaths she's a -
 take me — to — Bloom - field one night — by them - selves, And — bur - y my

mf

He - gan, and — fly you else - where. For ven - geance is sworn you by
 swear - ing I'm a - shamed for to tell, Till the judge cried: There's some - one has
 bod - y in — Ma - ry - le - mould. I pray that — the great God will

cresc. *f colla voce*

First and second times last time

young Fan - ny Blair. 3. O
 tu - tor'd you well. 5. The
 par - don my soul.

mf *dim.* *cresc. molto* *mf* *p*

ARISE, ARISE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

VOICE *Moderato*

1. A - rise, a - rise, you drow - sy maid - en; A -
won't be gone; I love no oth - er; You
back, turn back, don't be call'd a ro - ver; Turn

PIANO *p*

rise, a - rise, it is al - most day; O come un - to your bed - room win - dow And
are the girl that I do a - dore; It's I, my dear, who loves you dear - ly; The
back, turn back, and sit by my side. O wait un - til his pas - sion's o - ver, And

cresc. *mf*

hear what your true love do say. 2. Be - gone, be - gone, you'll a - wake my fa - ther; My
pains of love have brought me here. 4. Now when the old man heard them talk - ing, He
I will sure - ly be your bride. 6. O daugh - ter, daugh - ter, I will con - fine you; And

p *molto sostenuto*

moth-er too, she will quick-ly hear. Go, tell your tales un-to some oth-er, And-
nim-bly step-ped right out of bed And put his-head out of the win-dow-- Poor-
John-ny he shall go to sea; And you may write your love a let-ter, And-

dim.

whis-per soft-ly in her ear. 3. I
John-ny dear was quick-ly fled. 5. Turn
he may read it in Bo-ta-ny Bay 7. O to my grave.

più rall. *a tempo* *p*

7.

O father, father, pay down my fortune-
It's fifty thousand bright pounds, you know-
And I will cross the briny ocean,
Go where the stormy winds do blow.

8.

O daughter, you may ease your own mind,
It's for your sweet sake that I say so;
If you do cross the briny ocean,
Without your fortune you must go.

9.

O daughter, daughter, I'll confine you;
All in your private room alone;
And you shall live on bread and water,
Brought once a day and that at noon.

10.

I do not want your bread and water,
Nor anything that you may have;
If I can't have my heart's desire,
Then single I'll go to my grave.

SEARCHING FOR LAMBS

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto e semplice

VOICE

1. As I went out one May morn-ing, One
stay! O stay! you hand-some maid, And

PIANO

p

May morn-ing be - time, I met a maid, from home had stray'd, Just
rest a mo - ment here, For there is none but you a - lone, That

as the sun did shine. 2. What makes you rise so soon, my dear, Your
I do love so dear. 5. How glo - rious - ly the sun doth shine, How

mf

p

jour - ney to — pur - sue? Your pret - ty lit - tle feet — they —
pleas - ant is — the air, I'd rath - er rest on a

mf *p* *cresc.*

tread so sweet, Strike off the morn - ing dew. 3. I'm go - ing to feed my
true love's breast Than an - y oth - er where. 6. For I am thine, and

p *cresc.* *p*

fa - ther's flock, His young and ten - der lambs, That o - ver hills and
thou art mine; No man shall un - com - fort thee; We'll join our hands in —

p *cresc.*

o - ver dales Lie wait - ing for — their dams. 4. O
wed - ded bands And a mar - ried we will be.

Last time *p* *dim. e rall.*

GREEN BROOM

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante legando

VOICE

1. There was an old man and he lived in the West And his
Jack he did rise and did sharp-en his knives, And he
John he came back, and up - stairs he did go, And he

PIANO

p

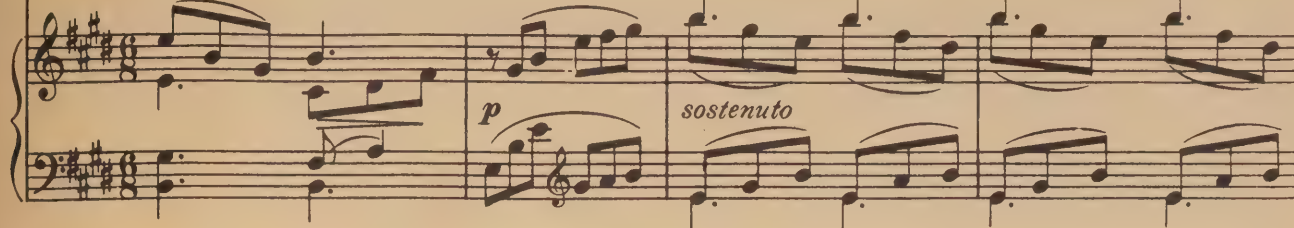
trade was a - cut - ting of broom, green broom; He had but one son and his
went to the woods cut - ting broom, green broom, To mar - ket and fair, cry - ing
en - ter'd that fair la - dy's room, her room. Dear John - ny, said she, O can

name it was John, And he li - ed a - bed till 'twas noon, bright noon, And he
ev - 'ry-where: O fair maids, do you want an - y broom, green broom? O fair
you fan - cy me, Will you mar - ry a la - dy in bloom, in — bloom? Will you

cresc.

f

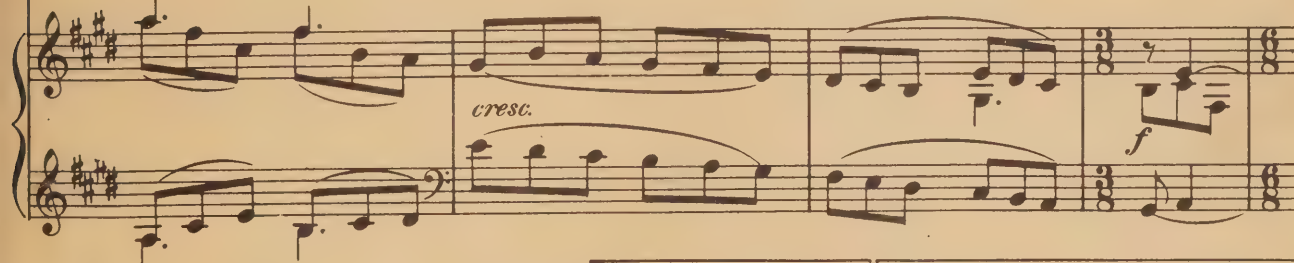
li - ed a - bed till 'twas noon. 2. The old man a - rose and un - to his son goes, And he
 maids, do you want an - y broom? 4. A la - dy sat up in her win - dow so high, And she
 mar - ry a la - dy in bloom? 6. Then John gave con - sent and un - to the church went, And he



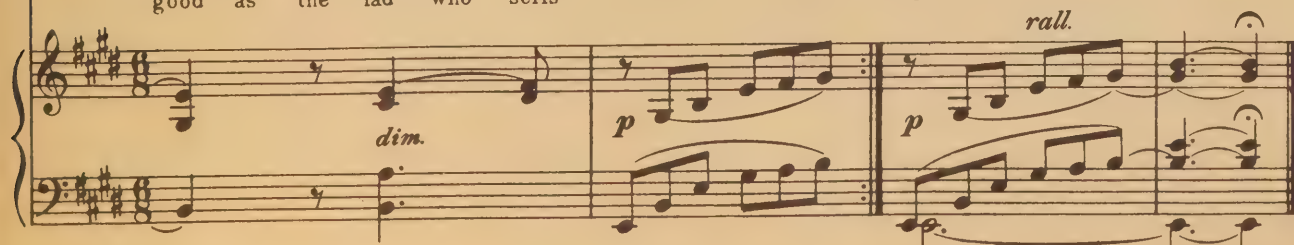
swore he'd set fire to his room, his room, If he would not rise and un -
 heard John - ny cry - ing green broom, green broom; She rung for her maid and un -
 mar - ried this la - dy in bloom, in bloom. Said she: I pro - test there is



but - ton his eyes, And a - way to the woods for green broom, green broom, And a
 to her she said: O go fetch me the lad that cries broom, green broom, O go
 none in the West Is so good as the lad who sells broom, green broom, Is so



way to the woods for green broom. 3. Then
 fetch me the lad that cries broom. 5. Then
 good as the lad who sells broom. —



THE BONNY LIGHTER-BOY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto grazioso

VOICE

1. It's— of a brisk— young sail— or lad, And
in my fa— ther's gar— den, Be—

PIANO

he a pren— tice bound;— And she a mer— chant's daugh— ter, With fif— ty thou— sand
neath the wil— low tree, He took me up all in his arms, And kiss'd me ten— der—

pound— They loved each oth— er dear— ly, In sor— row and in joy:— Let him
ly— Down on the ground we both sat down, And talk'd of love and joy:— Let him

cresc.

go where he will, he's my love still, He's my bon— ny light— er — boy. — 1.
say what he will, he's my love still, He's my bon— ny light— er — boy. — 2. 'Twas

f *dim.* *p*

2.
3. Her fa - ther, he be - ing near her, He heard what she did say — He

p *cresc.*

cried: Un - ru - ly daugh - ter, I'll send him far — a - way; — On

dim. *mf*

board a ship I'll have him press'd, I'll rob you of your joy: — Send him

cresc.

rall.
where you will, he's my love still, He's my bon - ny light - er - boy. —

f marcato *rall.* *dim.* *p*

THE SWEET PRIMÉROSES

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante espressivo

PIANO

mf

dim.

p

1. As I was a - walk - ing one mid - sum - mer morn - ing, A - view - ing the
 2. With three long steps I stepp'd up to her, Not know - ing -
 3. I said: Pret - ty maid, how far are you go - ing? And what's the oc -

p Play three times

mead - ows and to take the air, 'Twas down by the banks of the sweet prim - é -
 her as she pass'd me by; I stepp'd up to her, think - ing to
 ca - sion of all your grief? I'll make you as hap - py as an - y -

mf

ro - ses, When I be - held a most love - ly Fair.
 view - her, She ap - pear'd to me like some vir - gin bride.
 la - dy, If you will grant me one small re - lief.

cresc.

dim.

4. Stand off, stand off, you are de - ceit - ful; You are de -
 5. I'll take thee down to some lone - some val - ley, Where no man nor
 6. Come all you young men that go a - court - ing, Pray give at -

p

ceit - ful, young man, 'tis plain — 'Tis you — that have
 mor - tal shall ev - er me tell; Where the pret - ty lit - tle
 ten - tion to what I say, There's ma - ny a —

mf

caused my poor heart to wan - der, To give me
 small birds do change their voi - ces And ev - 'ry
 dark and cloud - y morn - ing Turns out to —

cresc.

First & second times	Last time
com - fort 'tis all in vain; mo - ment their notes do swell. be a sun - shi - ny	day.

dim. *rall.*

MY BONNY, BONNY BOY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante affettuoso

VOICE

Now once I was court - ed by a bon - ny, bon - ny

PIANO

p

boy, — I loved him, I vow and pro - test; I loved him so — well, so ver - y, ver - y

cresc. *mf* *f* *decresc.*

well, That I built him a — bow'r in my breast, — That I

p *cresc.*

built him a — bow'r in my breast. Now up the green

dim. *p* *p* *sfz*

val - ley and down the long al - ley, Like one that was trou - bled in

mind, I call'd and I did hoot and play'd up-on my lute, But no

bon - ny, bon - ny boy could I find, ————— But no

bon - ny, bon - ny boy could I find Now I look - ed

east_ and_ I_ look - ed west Where the sun it shone won - der - ful warm, But

who should I_ spy but my bon - ny, bon - ny boy, He was lock'd in an -

oth - er girl's arms, He was lock'd in an -

oth - er girl's arms. Now the girl that's the joy_ of my

bon - ny, bon-ny boy, — I'm sure she is nev - er to blame; Though

man - y a long night she has robb'd me of my rest, She nev - er shall

do it a - gain. — She nev - er shall

do it a - gain.

AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS

(FIRST VERSION)

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto con grazia *p*

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. As I walk'd thro' the mead-ows to take the fresh air, The
3. Said I: Pret-ty maid-en, shall I go with you To the
5. And when we a-rose from the green moss-y bank, To the

flow - ers were bloom - ing and gay; — I heard a fair dam - sel so
mead - ows to gath - er some may? — O no, sir, she said, I would
mead - ows we wan - der'd a - way; — I pla - ced my love on a

mf

sweet - ly a - sing - ing, Her cheeks like the blos - som in May. — 2. Said
rath - er re - fuse, For I fear you would lead me a - stray. — 4. Then I
prim - e - rose bank While I pick'd her a hand - ful of may. — 6. Then

colla voce

I Pret - ty maid - en and how came you here In the mead - ows this morn - ing so
took this fair maid by the lil - y - white hand; On the green moss - y bank we sat
ear - ly next morn - ing I made her my bride, That the world might have noth - ing to

mf

soon? — The maid she re - plied: For to gath - er some may, For the
down; — And I pla - ced a kiss on her sweet ro - sy lips, While the
say; — The bells they did ring and the birds they did sing, And I

colla voce

trees they are all in full bloom. —
small birds were sing - ing a - round. —
crown'd her the sweet Queen of May. —

a tempo

cresc. *dim.*

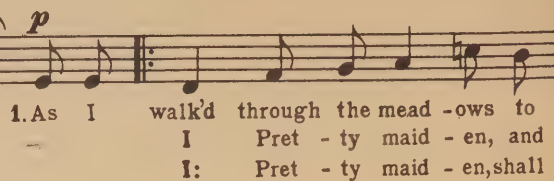
AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS

(SECOND VERSION)

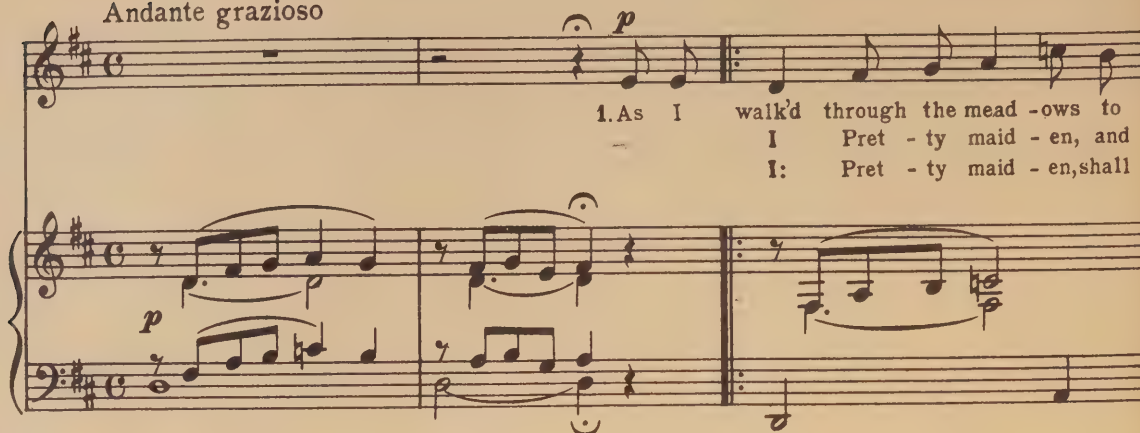
Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante grazioso

VOICE



PIANO

*cresc.**mf*

take the fresh air, The flow - ers were bloom - ing and gay; L
how came you here In the mead - ows this morn - ing so soon? The
I go with you To the mead - ows to gath - er some may? O

*cresc.**mf**p*

heard a young dam - sel so sweet - ly a - sing, Her cheeks like the blos - som in
maid she re - plied: For to gath - er some may, For the trees they are all in full
no, sir, she said, I would rath - er re - fuse, For I fear you would lead me a -

colla voce

First and second times

Third time

May.
bloom.
stray.

2. Said
3. Said

4. Then I

took this fair maid by the lil - y white hand; On the green moss - y bank we sat
when we a - rose from the green moss - y bank, To the mead - ows we wan - derd a -
ear - ly next morn - ing I made her my bride, That the world might have noth - ing to

down; And I pla - ced a kiss on her sweet ro - sy lips, While the
way; I pla - ced my love on a prim - e - rose bank While I
say; The bells they did ring and the birds they did sing, And I

small birds were sing - ing a - round.
pick'd her a hand - ful of may.
crownd her the sweet Queen of May.

5. And
6. Then

Last time

colla voce

ERIN'S LOVELY HOME

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. When I was young and in my prime, my
2. 'Twas in her fa - ther's gar - den, all
3. That ver - y night I gave con - sent a -

PIANO

mf *p*

age just_ twen - ty - one, Then_ I_ be - came a ser - vant un -
in the_ month of June, A - view - ing of those pret - ty flow'rs all_
long with her to go All_ from her fa - ther' dwell - ing place, which

to some gen - tle - man. I_ served him true_ and hon - est, and_
in their youth - ful bloom, She_ said: My dear - est John - nie, if_
prov'd my o - ver - throw. The_ night_ being bright with moon - light, we_

mf *p*

that is ver-y well known, But_ cru - el - ly he ban - ish'd me from
 with me you_ will roam, We'll bid a - dieu to all our friends in
 both set off_ to roam, A - think - ing we'd got safe a - way from

E - rin's_ love - ly home.
 E - rin's_ love - ly home.
 E - rin's_ love - ly home.

4.

But when we got to Belfast, 'twas at the break of day,
 My true love she got ready a passage for to pay;
 Five hundred pounds she did pay down, saying: That shall be your own,
 And never mourn for the friends you've left in Erin's lovely home.

5.

But of our great misfortune I mean to let you hear;
 'Twas in a few hours afterwards her father did appear.
 He marched me back to Armagh gaol, in the county of Tyrone,
 And there I was transported from Erin's lovely home.

6.

And now when I heard my sentence it grieved my heart full sore;
 And parting from my sweetheart it grieved me ten times more.
 I'd seven links all on my chain, and every link a year,
 Before I could return again to the girl I loved so dear.

7.

But when the rout came to the gaol to take us all away,
 My true love she came on to me, and this to me did say:
 Bear up your heart, don't be dismayed, for it's you I'll never disown
 Until you do return again to Erin's lovely home.

THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto

VOICE

1. O — fare you well, I — must be gone And leave you for a —
 thou - sand miles it — is so far To leave me here a -
 crow that is so black, my dear, Shall change his col - our -
 don't you see that milk - white dove A - - sit-ting on yon - der -
 riv - ers - nev - er - will run dry, Nor the rocks melt with the —

PIANO

while: But wher - ev - er I go, I — will re - turn, If I go ten thou - sand
 lone, Whilst I — may lie, la - - ment and cry, And you will not hear my
 white; And if ev - er I prove false to thee, The — day shall turn to
 tree, La - ment - ing for her — own true love, As — I la - ment for
 sun; And I'll nev - er prove false to the girl I love Till — all these things be

mf *cresc.*

mile, my dear, If I go ten thou - sand mile. 2. Ten —
 moan, my dear, And you will not hear my moan. 3. The —
 night, my dear, The — day shall turn to night. 4. O —
 thee, my dear, As — I la - ment for thee. 5. The —
 done, my dear, Till — all these things be done.

f *p*

HIGH GERMANY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Alla marcia

VOICE

PIANO

1. O Pol - ly dear, O Pol - ly, the

rout has now be - gun And we must march a - way at the beat - ing of the

marcato

cresc. *f*

drum: Go dress your-self all in your best and come a - long with me, I'll

cresc. *f*

take you to the cru - el wars in High Ger - man - y.

2. O Har - ry, dear Har - ry, you mind what I do say, My
 3. I'll buy you a horse, my Love, and on it you shall ride, And

p

feet they are so ten - der I can - not march a - way, And be -
 all of my de - light shall be rid - ing by your side; We'll

sides, my dear - est Har - ry, though I'm in love with thee. I
 call at ev - 'ry ale - house, and drink when we are dry, So

am not fit for cru - el wars in High Ger - man - y.
 quick - ly on the road, my Love, we'll mar - ry by and by.

mf

4. O curs - ed were the cru - el wars that ev - er they should rise And

out of mer - ry Eng - land press man - y a lad like - wise! They

press'd young Har - ry from me, like - wise my broth - ers three, And sent them to the

marcato

cru - el wars in High Ger - man - y.

rall.

SWEET LOVELY JOAN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

VOICE *Moderato*

1. A sto - ry to you I
morn - ing to you, my
no - ble knight, I pray

PIANO *p*

will re - late, Con - cern - ing of a pret - ty maid; Con - cern - ing of sweet
pret - ty maid. O twice good morn - ing, sir, she said. What! are you milk - ing
you for - bear, I can - not mar - ry you, I swear; For on to - mor - row

cresc. *mf*

love - ly Joan, As she sat milk - ing all a - lone. 2. A
all a - lone? O yes! re - plied sweet love - ly Joan. 4. Then
I'm to wed My own, my own true love in - stead. 6. 'Twas

dim. *p*

* The measures vary in length. The time-unit is the quarter-note which is constant in value.

no - ble knight, he rode with speed; All mount - ed on his
out he pull'd his purse of gold, And said: Fair maid, do
then he made her a sol - emn vow, He'd wed her if she

milk - white steed; He rode, he rode, him - self a - lone, Un -
this be - hold! All this I'll give if me you'll wed. Her
would or no; But this he said to fright - en Joan, As

til he came to love - ly Joan. 3. Good
cheeks they blush'd like ro - ses red. 5. O
she sat milk - ing all a - lone. 7. Give

7.

Give me the gold, sir, into my hand,
And I will be at your command;
For that will be more good to me
Than twenty husbands, sir, said she.

8.

As he was looking across the mead,
She mounted on his milk-white steed.
He called, he called, 'twas all in vain;
She never once looked back again.

9.

She did not feel that she was safe
Until she reached her true love's gate.
She'd robbed him of his steed and gold,
And left him an empty purse to hold.

10.

It pleased her lover to the heart
To think how well she'd played her part:
To-morrow morning we'll be wed,
And I will be the knight instead.

MY BOY WILLIE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato

VOICE

PIANO

1. O where have you been
can she knit andall the day, My boy Wil - lie? O where have you been all the day?
can she spin, My boy Wil - lie? O can she knit and can she spin?Wil - lie, won't you tell me now? I've been all the day Court - ing of a
Wil - lie, won't you tell me now? She can knit and she can spin, And she can do 'mostlad - y gay; But she is too young To be ta - ken from her mam - my. —
an - y - thing; But she is too young To be ta - ken from her mam - my. —

2. O can she brew and can she bake, My boy Wil - lie? — O
 4. O how old is she now, My boy Wil - lie? — O

dim. *p* *f*

can she brew and can she bake? Wil - lie, won't you tell me now? She can brew and
 how old is she now? Wil - lie, won't you tell me now? Twice six,

mf *f*

she can bake, And she can make a wed - ding cake; But she is too young To be
 twice sev'n, Twice twen - ty and e - lev'n; But she is too young To be

p

ta - ken from her mam-my. —
 ta - ken from her mam-my. —

1. 2.
 3. O

mf

WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro e semplice

VOICE

1. Moth-er, I long to get mar - ried, I
2. Daugh-ter, I — was twen - ty Be -
3. Whis - tle, daugh-ter, whis - tle, And
4. Whis - tle, daugh-ter, whis - tle, And

PIANO

long to be a bride; — I long to be with that young man, For
fore that I was wood', — And man - ya long and lone - some mile — I
you shall have a sheep. — I can - not whis - tle, moth - er, — But
you shall have a cow. — I can - not whis - tle, moth - er, — In -

ev - er by his side; — For — ev - er by — his side, O how
car-ried my maid - en - hood. — O — moth - er, that — may be, But it's
I can sad - ly weep. — My — maid - en - hood — does grieve me, It
deed I know not how. — My — maid - en - hood — does grieve me, It

hap - py I — should be; For I'm young and mer - ry and al - most wear - y Of
 not the case with me; For I'm young and mer - ry and al - most wear - y Of
 fills my heart with fear; For it is a bur - den, a heav - y bur - den, It's
 fills my heart with fear. For it is a bur - den, a heav - y bur - den, It's

f *dim.*

my vir - gin - i - ty. ———
 my vir - gin - i - ty. ———
 more than I can bear. ———
 more than I can bear. ———

D.S. *D.S.*

5.

Whistle, daughter, whistle,
 And you shall have a man.

(Whistles) or } I cannot whistle, mother,
 You see how well I can. } But I'll do the best I can.
 You nasty, impudent jade,
 What makes you whistle now?
 O, I'd rather whistle for a man
 Than either sheep or cow.

6.

You nasty, impudent jade,
 I will pull your courage down;
 Take off your silks and satins,
 Put on your working-gown.
 I'll send you to the fields
 A-tossing of the hay,
 With your fork and rake the hay to make,
 And then hear what you say

7.

Mother, don't be so cruel
 To send me to the field,
 Where young men will entice me
 And to them I may yield.
 Fa, mother it's quite well known
 I am not too young grown,
 And it is a pity a maid so pretty
 As I should live alone.

MOWING THE BARLEY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto grazioso

VOICE

PIANO

p

p

1. A Law-er he went out one day, A - for to take his pleas - ure, And
2. The Law-er he went out next day, A - think - ing for to view her; But she
3. This Law-er had a use - ful nag, And soon he o - ver - took her; He
4. Hold up your cheeks, my fair pret - ty maid, Hold up your cheeks, my hon - ey, That

mf

who should he spy but some fair pret - ty maid, So hand - some and so clev - er?
gave him the slip and a - way — she went, All o - ver the hills to her fa - ther. } Where
caught her a - round the mid - dle so small, And on his horse he placed her. }
I may give you a fair pret - ty kiss And a hand - ful of gold - en mon - ey. }

are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid, Where are you go - ing, my hon - ey? Go - ing

o - ver the hills, kind sir, she said, To my fa - ther a - mow - ing the bar - ley.

dim. *poco rit.*

5.

O keep your gold and silver too,
And take it where you're going;
For there's many a rogue and scamp like you,
Has brought young girls to ruin.
Where are you going to, etc.

6.

Then the Lawyer told her a story bold,
As together they were going,
Till she quite forgot the barley field,
And left her father a-mowing.
Where are you going to, etc.

7.

And now she is the Lawyer's wife,
And dearly the Lawyer loves her,
They live in a happy content of life;
And well in the station above her.
Where are you going to, etc.

I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY

Collected and arranged by

CECIL J. SHARP

VOICE *Con spirito* *mf*

1. As I walk'd out one
3. How old are you, my
5. If you'll come to my

PIANO *f* *Play three times* *mf*

May morn - ing, One May morn - ing so ear - ly, I o - ver - took a
fair, pret - ty maid, How old are you, my hon - ey? She an - swer'd me quite
mam - my's house, When the moon is shin - ing bright - ly, I will come down and

hand - some maid, Just as the sun was ris - ing.
cheer - ful - ly: I'm sev - en - teen come Sun - day.
let you in, And my mam - my shall not hear me.

With my rue dum day, fol the did - dle dol, Fol the dol, the did - dle dum the day.
With my rue dum day, fol the did - dle dol, Fol the dol, the did - dle dum the day.
With my rue dum day, fol the did - dle dol, Fol the dol, the did - dle dum the day.

2. Her shoes were bright, her stock - ings white, Her —
 4. Will you mar - ry me, my fair, pret - ty maid? Will you
 6. O sol - dier, will you mar - ry me? For —

buck - les shone like sil - ver; She — had a black and roll - ing eye,
 mar - ry me, my hon - ey? She — an - swer'd me right cheer - ful - ly:
 now's your time or nev - er: For — if you do not mar - ry me,

And her hair hung down her shoul - der. With my rue dum day,
 I — dare not for my mam - my. With my rue dum day,
 I — am un - done for ev - er. With my rue dum day,

fol the did - dle dol, Fol the dol, the did - dle dum the day.
 fol the did - dle dol, Fol the dol, the did - dle dum the day.
 fol the did - dle dol, Fol the dol, the did - dle dum the day.

7. And now she is the sol-dier's wife; And—

sails a - cross the brine O! The— drum and fife is my de - light,

And a mer - ry man is mine, O! With my rue dum day,

fol the did-dle dol, Fol the dol, the did-dle dum the day.

THE LARK IN THE MORN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto con grazia

VOICE

1. As I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in the
2. The lark in the morn she will rise up from her

PIANO

*p**p e legato*

Spring, I met a young dam - sel, so sweet - ly she did sing; And
nest, And mount in the air with the dew all on her breast; And

as we were a - walk - ing these words she did say:— There's no life like a
like the pret - ty plough-boy she will whis - tle and sing,— And at night she'll re -

cresc.

plough - boy's all in the month of May
turn — to her own nest back a - gain.

*dim.**colla voce**p**rit.**pp*

HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato grazioso

VOICE

1. Young wo - men they'll
2. Young wo - men they'll
3. Young wo - men they'll

PIANO

mf

p

run like hares on the moun - tains, Young wo - men they'll
sing like birds in the bush - es, Young wo - men they'll
swim like ducks in the wa - ter, Young wo - men they'll

run _____ like hares on the moun - tains. If
sing _____ like birds in the bush - es. If
swim _____ like ducks in the wa - ter. If

I were but a young man, I'd soon go a - hunt - ing, To my
 I were but a young man, I'd go and bang those bush - es, To my
 I were but a young man, I'd go and swim af - ter, Tp my

mf

right fol — did - dle de - ro, To my right fol did - dle dee.
 right fol — did - dle de - ro, To my right fol did - dle dee.
 right fol — did - dle de - ro, To my right fol did - dle dee.

Last time

mf *dim.*

O SALLY, MY DEAR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro non troppo

VOICE

1. O — Sal - ly, my dear, but I wish I could woo you. O —
 3. O — Sal - ly, my dear, I would love you and wed you. O —
 5. If the wo - men were hares and — raced round the moun-tain, If the

PIANO

f *dim.* *mf*

Sal - ly, my dear, but I wish I could woo you. She laugh'd and re - plied And would
 Sal - ly, my dear, I would love you and wed you. She laugh'd and re - plied: Then don't
 wo - men were hares and raced round the moun-tain. How soon the young men would take

woo-ing un - do you?
 say I mis - led you. } Sing fal the did-dle i do, Sing whack fal the did-dle day.
 guns and go hunt-ing. }

2. O —
 4. If —
 6. If the

sfz *dim.*

Sal-ly, my dear, but your cheek I could kiss it. O— Sal-ly, my dear, but your
 las-sies were black-birds and— las-sies were thrush-es, If— las-sies were black-birds and—
 wo-men were ducks and— swum round the wa-ter. If the wo-men were ducks and—

p *cresc.*

cheek I could kiss it. She laugh'd and re-plied: If you did would you miss it?
 las-sies were thrush-es, How soon the young men would go beat-ing. the bush-es! Sing
 swum round the wa-ter The men would turn drakes and would soon fol-low af-ter.)

f

fal the did-dle i do, Sing whack fal the did-dle day.

f

GENTLY, JOHNNY, MY JINGALO

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto grazioso

VOICE

1. I put my hand all
placed my arm a -
slipp'd a ring all

PIANO

*p**mf*

in her own, Fair maid is a lil - y, O! She said: If you love me a-lone
round her waist, Fair maid is a lil - y, O! She laugh'd and turn'd a - way her face:
in her hand, Fair maid is a lil - y, O! She said: The par-son's near at hand.

mf

Come to me qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gen - tly, John - ny, my
Come to me qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gen - tly, John - ny, my
Come to me qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gen - tly, John - ny, my

p

Jin - ga - lo. 2. I said: You know I love you, dear, Fair maid is a
 Jin - ga - lo. 4. I kiss'd her lips like ru - bies red, Fair maid is a
 Jin - ga - lo. 6. I took her to the church next day, Fair maid is a

lil - y, O! She whis - per'd soft - ly in my ear: Come to me
 lil - y, O! She blush'd; then ten - der - ly she said: Come to me
 lil - y, O! The birds did sing, and she did say: Come to me

mf *p*

qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gen - tly, John - ny, my
 qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gen - tly, John - ny, my
 qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gen - tly, John - ny, my

First and second times Last time

Jin - ga - lo. 3. I
 Jin - ga - lo. 5. I
 Jin - ga - lo.

THE KEYS OF CANTERBURY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro con grazia

VOICE

(He) 1. O Mad - am, I will
(She) 2. I shall not, Sir, ac -
(He) 3. O Mad - am, I will
(She) 4. I shall not, Sir, ac -

PIANO

f *mf*

give to you The keys of Can - ter - bur - y, And all the bells in
cept of you The keys of Can - ter - bur - y, Nor all the bells in
give to you A pair of boots of cork. The one was made in
cept of you A pair of boots of cork, Though both were made in

Lon - don Shall ring to make us mer - ry, If you will be my
Lon - don Shall ring to make us mer - ry. I will not be your
Lon - don The oth - er made in York, If you will be my
Lon - don, Or both were made in York. I will not be your

joy, — my sweet and on - ly dear, — And walk a - long with
 joy, — your sweet and on - ly dear, — Nor walk a - long with
 joy, — my sweet and on - ly dear, — And walk a - long with
 joy, — your sweet and on - ly dear, — Nor walk a - long with

me, an - y - where. —
 you, an - y - where. —
 me, an - y - where. —
 you, an - y - where. —

5.

O Madam, I will give to you
 A little golden bell,
 To ring for all your servants
 And make them serve you well,
 If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
 And walk along with me, anywhere.

6.

I shall not, Sir, accept of you
 A little golden bell,
 To ring for all my servants
 And make them serve me well.
 I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
 Nor walk along with you, anywhere.

7.

O Madam, I will give to you
 A gallant silver chest,
 With a key of gold and silver
 And jewels of the best,
 If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
 And walk along with me, anywhere.

8.

I shall not, Sir, accept of you
 A gallant silver chest,
 A key of gold and silver
 Nor jewels of the best.
 I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
 Nor walk along with you, anywhere.

9.

O Madam, I will give to you
 A brodered silken gownd,
 With nine yards a-drooping
 And training on the ground,
 If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
 And walk along with me, anywhere.

10.

O Sir, I will accept of you
 A brodered silken gownd,
 With nine yards a-drooping
 And training on the ground:
 Then I will be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
 And walk along with you, anywhere.

MY MAN JOHN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

(He)
Moderato

VOICE

My man John, what can the mat-ter be, That I should love the la-dy fair and

PIANO

mf marcato

p

she should not love me? She— will not be my bride, my joy nor my dear, And

mf marcato

(John)

nei-ther will she walk with me an - y - where. Court her, dear - est Mas - ter, you

p

p legato

court her with-out fear, And you will win the la-dy in the space of half a year; And

cresc.

mf

she will be your bride, your joy and your dear, And she will take a walk with you an - y -

cresc. *più rall. f*

where.

1. O Mad-am, I will give to you a lit-tle grey - hound, And
 2. O Mad-am, I will give to you a fine i- vry comb, To
 3. O Mad-am, I will give to you a cushion full of pins, To
 4. O Mad-am, I will give to you the keys_ of my heart, To

a tempo p *p*

ev - 'ry hair up - on its back shall cost a thou-sand pound, If_ you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And
 fas - ten up your sil-ver locks when I am not at home, If_ you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And
 pin _ up your lit-tle ba-by's white mus-e - lins, If_ you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And
 lock it up for ev-er that we nev-er more shall part, If_ you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And

mf

(She)

you will take a walk with me an - y - where. O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
 you will take a walk with me an - y - where. O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
 you will take a walk with me an - y - where. O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
 you will take a walk with me an - y - where. O Sir, I will ac-cept of you the

lit-tle grey-hound, Though ev-'ry hair up-on its back did cost a thou-sand pound. I will not be your bride, your
 fine i-v'ry comb, To fas-ten up my sil-ver locks when you are not at home. I will not be your bride, your
 cush-ion full of pins, To pin up my lit-tle ba-by's white mus-e-lins. I will not be your bride, your
 keys of your heart, To lock it up for ev-er that we nev-er more shall part. And I will be your bride, your

D.C.

joy nor your dear, And nei-ther will I walk with you an - y - where.
 joy nor your dear, And nei-ther will I walk with you an - y - where.
 joy nor your dear, And nei-ther will I walk with you an - y - where.
 joy and your dear, And I will take a walk with you an - y - where.

cresc. *f* *D.C.*

Last verse
(He)

My man John, here's fif - ty pounds for thee! I'd nev - er have won this la - dy fair if it

f marcato

mf

had - n't a - been for thee; For — now she'll be my bride, my

marcato

joy and my dear, And now she'll take a walk with me a - ny - where.

rall.

cresc.

f rall.

O NO, JOHN!

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato

VOICE

1. On yon-der hill there stands a crea-ture;
fa-ther was a Span-ish Cap-tain
Mad-am, in your face is beau-ty,

PIANO

mf *dim.* *p*

Who she is I do not know. I'll go and court her for her beau-ty;
Went to sea a month a-go. First he kiss'd me, then he left me
On your lips red ro-ses grow. Will you take me for your lov-er?

mf *p*

Five times

She must an-swer Yes or No. O No, John! No, John! No, John! No! 2. My
Bid me al-ways an-swer No. O No, John! No, John! No, John! No! 3. O
Mad-am, an-swer Yes or No. O No, John! No, John! No, John! No!

f *dim.*

Sixth time

No! 7. O hark! I hear the church bells ring-ing: Will you come and
be my wife? Or, dear Mad-am, have you set-tled To live sin-gle
all your life? O No, John! No, John! No,— John! No!

4.

O Madam, I will give you jewels;
I will make you rich and free;
I will give you silken dresses.
Madam, will you marry me?

O No, John! No, John! No, John! No!

5.

O Madam, since you are so cruel,
And that you do scorn me so,
If I may not be your lover,
Madam, will you let me go?

O No, John! No, John! No, John! No!

6.

Then I will stay with you for ever,
If you will not be unkind.
Madam, I have vowed to love you:
Would you have me change my mind?
O No, John! No, John! No, John! No!

THE BRISK YOUNG BACHELOR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Con spirito

VOICE

1. Once I was a brisk young bach-e-lor,
 2. First half year that I was mar-ried,
 3. In the morn-ing ve-ry ear-ly, Be-

PIANO

p staccato

Till I gain'd a hand-some wife; I want-ed some one to live by me,
 She'd not do a stroke of work, But al-ways grum-bled, al-ways scold-ed,
 fore to work that I do go, She makes me rise and light the fire;—

mf marcato

Help me lead a so-ber life. } With my whack fal lor, the
 Made me sav-age as a Turk. }
 And the bel-lows I've to blow.

did-dle and the di-do, Whack fal lor, the did-dle-i-day.

4. Home come- I both wet and wear - y, No dry clothes for
 5. If I scarce - ly make an an - swer, She will say: O
 6. Lis - ten, all you brisk young bach - e - lers! If that you would

p staccato

to put on, But right up - stairs and down in the cel - lar With the ket - tle
 come! come! come! The wom - en say they will have pleas - ure; Poor man's work is
 hap - py be, When you want some one to live with you Think of what has

mf marcato

I must run.
 nev - er a - done. } With my whack fal lor, the did - dle and the di - do,
 come to me. }

Whack fal lor, the did - dle - i - day.

mf

RUGGLETON'S DAUGHTER OF IERO

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. There was a man lived in the West; Fal lal lal lal lal li - do, He
 if your din - ner you must have, Fal lal lal lal lal li - do, Then
 you shall brew and you shall bake, Fal lal lal lal lal li - do, And

PIANO

mar - ried a wife—she was not of the best; She was Rug - gle - ton's daugh - ter of I - e - ro.
 get it your-self; I am not your slave, Said Rug - gle - ton's daugh - ter of I - e - ro.
 you shall make your— white hands black To— Rug - gle - ton's daugh - ter of I - e - ro.

2. Said he, when he came in from plough: Fal lal lal lal lal li - do, Ho!
 4. For I won't brew and I won't bake, Fal lal lal lal lal li - do, And
 6. He took a stick down off the rack; Fal lal lal lal lal li - do, And

WILLIAM TAYLOR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Con vivo

VOICE

PIANO

1. Wil-liam Tay-lor was a brisk young sail-or,
 4. Then the Cap-tain stepp'd up to her,
 7. She rose ear-ly the ver-y next morn-ing,

He who court-ed a la-dy fair; Bells were ring-ing, sail-ors sing-ing,
 Ask-ing her: What's brought you here? I am come to seek my true love,
 She rose up at break of day; There she saw her true love Wil-liam,

As to church they did re-pair.
 Whom I late-ly loved so dear.
 Walk-ing with a la-dy gay.

2. Thir-ty cou-ple—
 5. If you've come to—
 8. Sword and pis-tol—

at the wed-ding; All were dress'd in rich ar-ray; 'Stead of Wil-liam
 see your true love, Tell me what his name may be. O, his name is
 she then or-der'd To be brought at her com-mand; And she shot her

be - ing mar - ried, He was press'd and sent a - way.
 Wil - liam Tay - lor, From the I - rish ranks came he.
 true love Wil - liam, With the bride on his right arm.

3. She dress'd up in— man's ap - par - el, Man's ap - par - el she put on;
 6. You rise ear - ly to - mor - row morn - ing, You rise at the break of day;
 9. If young folks in— Wells or Lon - don Were served the same as she served he,

And she fol - low'd her true lov - er; For to find him she is gone.
 There you'll see your true love Wil - liam Walk - ing with a la - dy gay.
 Then young girls would all be un - done: Ver - y scarce young men would be!

1st & 2d times 3d time

f *dim.* *p*

SWEET WILLIAM

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante

VOICE

1. A — sail - or's life — is a
had not sail - ed far
kneel - ed down and she

PIANO

p e legato

p

mer - ry life. He'll rob young girls of their heart's de - light, Then
on the deep Be - fore a king's ship she chanced to meet. O
wrote a song, She wrote it neat and she wrote it long; At

cresc.

go and leave them to sigh and moan — No tongue can tell — when he
all you sail - ors come tell me true, Is my sweet Wil - liam on
ev - 'ry line, O, she shed a tear, And at the end: — Fare you

will re - turn. 2. O — fa - ther, fa - ther, build me a boat, That
board with you? 4. Oh, — no, fair la - dy, he is not here; For
well, my dear. 6. The — grass it grow - eth on ev - 'ry lea, The

on the o - cean I may float, And the first king's ship that I chance to meet, I
he is drown - ed I great-ly fear; On — yon - der is - land as we pass'd by, There
leaf it fall - eth from ev - 'ry tree; How — hap - py that small bird doth cry That

will en - quire — for my Wil - liam sweet. 3. She
we lost sight — of your sail - or boy. 5. She
hath her true — love close to her side. —

First and second times D.S. Last time

THE WATCHET SAILOR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro con spirito

VOICE

1 As I was a - walk-ing down
went and he took the fair

PIANO

p

Watch-et Swayne Street, A jol-ly old ship-mate I chanced for to meet. Hul-
maid by the hand: You're going to be mar-ried, as I un-der-stand. But if

mf

Jo! broth-er sail-or, you're wel-come to home,— In sea-son to Watch-et I
ev-er you mar-ry, why you shall be mine:— So I have come here for to

think you are come. 2. Now don't you re - mem-ber once court-ing a maid? But
baulk your de - sign. 5. Good Lord! said this fair maid, now what shall I do? I

*p**sostenuto*

through your long ab-sence she's going to be wed. To - mor - row in Bris - tol this
 know I was sol-emn - ly prom - ised to you. The sail - or's my true love, and

cresc.

wed-ding's to be — And I am in - vit - ed the same for to see. 3. Jack
 I'll be his bride; There's none in this world I can fan - cy be - side. 6. Then the

mf *cresc.* *f*

went and got li - cence the ver - y same night, And walk'd in - to
 tail - or, he roar'd like a man that is mad, I'm ru - in'd, I'm

mf

Bris - tol as soon as 'twas light. He sat in the Tem - ple church -
 ru - in'd, I'm ru - in'd, he said. All you that have sweet-hearts, take

yard for a while Till he saw the bride com - ing, which caused Jack to
 them while you .may, — Or else the Jack Tars, they will take them a -

smile.
 way.

4. He

SCARBOROUGH FAIR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante

VOICE

PIANO

p

p

1. Where are you go - ing? To
3. Tell her to wash it in
5. Tell her to plough it with

Scar - bo - rough Fair? Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, Re -
yon - der well, Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, Where
one — ram's horn, Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, And

mf

nem - ber me to a bon - ny lass there, For once she was a true
wa - ter ne'er sprung nor a drop of rain fell, And she — shall be a true
sow it all o - ver with one pep - per - corn, And she — shall be a true

dim.

lov - er of mine. 2. Tell her to make me a
 lov - er of mine. 4. Tell her to plough me an
 lov - er of mine. 6. Tell her to reap it with a

cam - bric shirt, Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, With -
 a - cre of land, Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, Be -
 sick - le of leath - er, Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, And

out a - ny nee - dle or thread — work'd in it, And she shall be a true
 tween the sea and the salt — sea strand, And she shall be a true
 tie it all up with a tom - tit's feath - er, And she shall be a true

Last verse

lov - er of mine.
 lov - er of mine.
 lov - er of mine.

7. Tell her to gath - er it

p

all in a sack, Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, And

car - ry it home on a but - ter - fly's back, And then she shall be a true

lov - er of mine. ———

dim.

BRIMBLEDON FAIR

OR, YOUNG RAMBLE-AWAY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro ma non troppo

VOICE

1. As I was a - rid - ing to —
3. I said: Pret - ty Nan - cy, don't

PIANO

f

dim.

p

Brim - ble - don Fair, I — saw pret - ty Nan - cy a - curd - ling her hair, I —
laugh in my face, But she an - swer'd by slip - ping a - way from the place. So to

gave her a wink and she roll'd a dark eye, And said I to my - self: I'll be —
find her I ram - bled thro' fair Lin - coln - shire, And I vow'd I would ram - ble, I —

there by and by.
did not care where.

2. I watch'd and I watch'd, all the—
4. Come all you young maid-ens, wher—

mf

night in the dark,
ev - er you be,

For to ask pret - ty Nan - cy to
And find pret - ty Nan - cy and

be my sweet-heart. But— all that she said, when I saw her next day: And are
bring her to me. And— all you young ram-blers you mind and take care,— Or

cresc. molto

you the young rogue they call— Ram - ble - a - way?
else you'll get— brim-bled at— Brim - ble - don Fair.

f

BRIDGWATER FAIR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. All you who roam, both young and old, Come lis - ten to my
lads and lass - es they come through From Stow - ey, Sto - gur - sey and
Tom and Jack, they look so gay, With Sal and Kit they

PIANO

sto - ry bold. For miles a - round from far and near — They
Can - ning - ton too. That far - mer from Fid - ding - ton, true as my life, — He's
haste a - way To shout and laugh and have a spree, — And

come to see the rigs o' the fair. O Mas - ter John, do you be - ware! And
come to the fair to look for a wife. O Mas - ter John, do you be - ware! And
dance and sing right mer - ri - ly. O Mas - ter John, do you be - ware! And

don't go kiss - ing the girls at Bridg - wa - ter fair. 2. The
don't go kiss - ing the girls at Bridg - wa - ter fair. 3. There's
don't go kiss - ing the girls at Bridg - wa - ter fair.

First and second times

Third time

4. The jo - vial plough-boys all se - rene, They dance the maid - ens on the green. Says
 car-rot-ty Kit so jol-ly and fat, With her girt flip-pe - ty, flop-pe - ty hat; A
 up with the fid-dle and off with the dance, The lads and lass - es gai - ly prance, And

*mf**p*

John to Ma - ry: Don't you know— We won't go home till morn - ing O? O
 hole in her stock-ing as big as a crown, And the hoops of her skirt hang-ing down to the ground. O
 when it's time to go a - way They swear to meet a - gain— next day. O

Mas - ter John, do you be - ware! And don't go kiss - ing the girls at Bridge-
 Mas - ter John, do you be - ware! And don't go kiss - ing the girls at Bridge-
 Mas - ter John, do you be - ware! And don't go kiss - ing the girls at Bridge-

First and second times

Last time

wa - ter fair.
 wa - ter fair.
 wa - ter fair,

5. There's
 6. It's

THE CRABFISH

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro con spirito

VOICE

1. There was a lit - tle man and he
 3. Then up her man a - rose and he
 5. O yes, — and O yes, I have
 7. Then the wife — just to smell him popp'd

PIANO

had a lit - tle wife, And he loved her as dear as he loved his life. Mash-a row dow dow dow
 girt him in his clothes, And — down to the sea - side he fol-low'd his nose. Mash-a row dow dow dow
 one, — two and three, And the best of them all I will sell to thee. Mash-a row dow dow dow
 up — from the clothes, When up got the crab - fish and nipp'd her by the nose. Mash-a row dow dow dow

did - dle all the day, Mash - a row dow dow dow did - dle all the day. 2. Now
 did - dle all the day, Mash - a row dow dow dow did - dle all the day. 4. O
 did - dle all the day, Mash - a row dow dow dow did - dle all the day. 6. So he
 did - dle all the day, Mash - a row dow dow dow did - dle all the day.

she fell a-sick, O, and all her wish Was just to put her lips to a
 fish-er-men, O fish-er-men, O come and tell 'me Have you a lit-tle crab - fish you
 caught him and bought him and clapt him on a dish: O wife put thy lips to this
 8. Hey man and ho man, come hith - er do ye hear? But the crab - fish was read - y and

mf

lit - tle crab - fish. Mash - a row dow dow dow did - dle all the day, Mash - a
 can — sell me? Mash - a row dow dow dow did - dle all the day, Mash - a
 lit - tle crab - fish. Mash - a row dow dow dow did - dle all the day, Mash - a
 caught him by the ear. Mash - a row dow dow dow did - dle all the day, Mash - a

f

row dow dow dow did - dle all the day.
 row dow dow dow did - dle all the day.
 row dow dow dow did - dle all the day.
 row dow dow dow did - dle all the day.

ff

78 THE BEGGAR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro ma non troppo

VOICE

1. I'd — just as soon be a
2. I've — six-pence in my pock-et and I've
3. Some - times we call at a
4. Some - times we lie like —

PIANO

beg-gar as a king, And the rea-son I'll tell you for why; A
work'd hard for it, Kind land-lord, here it is Nei-ther
no-ble-man's hall, And beg for bread and beer; Some -
hogs in a sty With a flock of straw on the ground, Some -

king can-not swag-ger, nor drink like a beg-gar, Nor be half so hap-py as
Jew nor Turk shall make me work, While beg-ging is as good as it
times we are lame, some - times we are blind, Some - times too deaf to
times eat a crust that has roll'd in the dust, And are thank-ful if that can be

I. Let the back and the sides go bare, my boys, Let the
 is. Let the back and the sides go bare, my boys, Let the
 hear. Let the back and the sides go bare, my boys, Let the
 found. Let the back and the sides go bare, my boys, Let the

hands and the feet gang cold: But give to the bel - ly, boys,
 hands and the feet gang cold: But give to the bel - ly, boys,
 hands and the feet gang cold: But give to the bel - ly, boys,
 hands and the feet gang cold: But give to the bel - ly, boys,

beer e-nough, Wheth-er it be— new or old.
 beer e-nough, Wheth-er it be— new or old.
 beer e-nough, Wheth-er it be— new or old.
 beer e-nough, Wheth-er it be— new or old.

Three times *Last time*

THE KEEPER

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato  **FIRST VOICE**

VOICE

1. The keep - er did a - shoot - ing go, And
 2. The first doe he shot at he miss'd, The
 3. The fourth doe she did cross the plain, The
 4. The fifth doe she did cross the brook, The
 5. The sixth doe she ran o - ver the plain, But

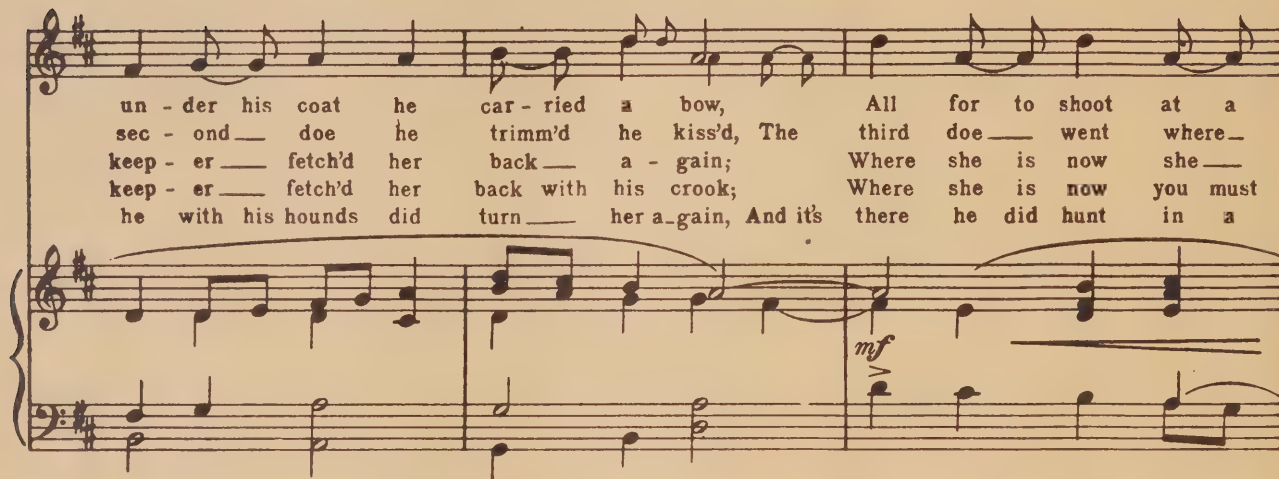
PIANO

mf *p*



un - der his coat he car - ried a bow, All for to shoot at a
 sec - ond doe he trimm'd he kiss'd, The third doe went where -
 keep - er fetch'd her back a - gain; Where she is now she -
 keep - er fetch'd her back with his crook; Where she is now you must
 he with his hounds did turn her a - gain, And it's there he did hunt in a

mf



mer - ry lit - tle doe. A - mong the leaves so green, O.
 no - bod - y wist. A - mong the leaves so green, O.
 may re - main A - mong the leaves so green, O.
 go and look A - mong the leaves so green, O.
 mer - ry, mer - ry vein A - mong the leaves so green, O.

f *dim.* *p*



Jack-ie, boy! Sing ye well! Hey down, der-ry, der-ry down, A -

SECOND VOICE

Mas-ter! Ver-y well! Ho down, A -

mf

mong the leaves so— green, O! To my hey down, down, Hey down,

mong the leaves so— green, O! To my ho down, down, Ho down,

f *p* *cresc.*

D.S. Last time

der-ry, der-ry down, A - mong the leaves so— green, O.

A - mong the leaves so— green, O.

Last time

f *dim.* *rall.* *p*

THE THREE SONS

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato

VOICE

1. There was a farm - er had three sons, Three
 2. The first he was a stout mil - lard, The

PIANO

*p**non legato*

sons to him were born, And he came home tight in the mid-dle of the night, And he
 next was a spin-ner of yarn, And the third to be sure was a lit - tle tail - or With the

mf

turn'd them out of doors, And he turn'd them out of doors. And he
 broad cloth un - der his arm, With the broad-cloth un - der his arm. And the

cresc.

came home tight in the mid-dle of thenight, And he turn'd them out of doors.
 third to be sure was a lit - tle tail - or With the broad-cloth un - der his arm.

*mf**p*

3. The stout mil-lard he stole the corn, The spin - ner he stole yarn, And the
 4. The mil-lard he was drown'd in his pond, The spin-ner was hang'd by his yarn, And the

tail - or went forth and he stole broad-cloth For to keep those three scamps
 dev - il ran a - way with the tail - or one day With the broad-cloth un - der his

warm, — For to keep those three scamps warm. And the tail - or went forth and he
 arm, — With the broad-cloth un - der his arm. And the dev - il ran a - way with the

stole broad-cloth For to keep those three scamps warm.
 tail - or one day With the broad-cloth un - der his arm.

JACK HALL

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. O my name it is Jack Hall, chim - ney -
 twen - ty pounds in store, that's no
 tell me that in gaol— I shall
 rode up Ty - burn Hill— in a
 lad - der I did grope, that's no

PIANO

p

sweep,— chim - ney - sweep,— O my name it is Jack
 joke,— that's no joke,— I have twen - ty pounds in
 die,— I shall die,— O they tell me that in
 cart,— in a cart,— O I rode up Ty - burn
 joke,— that's no joke,— Up the lad - der I did

Hall,— chim - ney - sweep. O my name it is Jack
 store,— that's no joke. I have twen - ty pounds in
 gaol,— I shall die. O they tell me that in
 Hill,— in a cart. O I rode up Ty - burn
 grope,— that's no joke. Up the lad - der I did

mf

Hall, — and I've robb'd both great and small, — And my
store — and I'll rob for twen - ty more, — And my
gaol — I shall drink no more brown ale, — But be
Hill, — and 't was there I made my will, — Saying The
grope, — and the hang - man spread the rope, — O but

neck shall pay for all — when I die, — when I die, — And my
neck shall pay for all — when I die, — when I die, — And my
dash'd if ev - er I fail — till I die, — till I die, — But be
best of friends must part, so fare - well, — so fare - well, — Saying The
nev - er a word said I — com - ing down, com - ing down, O but

neck shall pay for all — when I die. 2. I have
neck shall pay for all — when I die. 3. O they
dash'd if ev - er I fail till I die. 4. O I
best of friends must part, so fare - well! 5. Up the
nev - er a word said I — com - ing down.

dim. *p*

DRIVING AWAY AT THE SMOOTHING IRON

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. 'Twas on a Mon - day
2. 'Twas on a Tues - day
3. 'Twas on a Wednes - day

PIANO

f *mf* *dim.* *p*

morn - ing When I be-held my dar - ling; O she was fair_ and she was free In
morn - ing When I be-held my dar - ling; O she was fair_ and she was free In
morn - ing When I be-held my dar - ling; O she was fair_ and she was free In

legato

ev - 'ry high de - gree. Yes! she was neat and will - ing O, A -
ev - 'ry high de - gree. Yes! she was neat and will - ing O, A -
ev - 'ry high de - gree. Yes! she was neat and will - ing O, A -

mf

pick - ing up her lin - en clothes; And driv - ing a - way at the
soap - ing of her lin - en clothes; And driv - ing a - way at the
starch - ing of her lin - en clothes; And driv - ing a - way at the

p *cresc.*

smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a - way, ——— And driv-ing a - way at the
 smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a - way, ——— And driv-ing a - way at the
 smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a - way, ——— And driv-ing a - way at the

f

smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a - way. ———
 smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a - way. ———
 smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a - way. ———

sfz *mf* *dim.*

4. 'Twas on a Thurs - day morn - ing When I be-held my dar - ling; O
 5. 'Twas on a Fri - day morn - ing When I be-held my dar - ling; O
 6. 'Twas on a Sat - ur - day morn - ing When I be-held my dar - ling; O
 7. 'Twas on a Sun - day morn - ing When I be-held my dar - ling; O

p

she was fair — and she was free In ev - 'ry high — de - gree. ——— Yes!
 she was fair — and she was free In ev - 'ry high — de - gree. ——— Yes!
 she was fair — and she was free In ev - 'ry high — de - gree. ——— Yes!
 she was fair — and she was free In ev - 'ry high — de - gree. ——— Yes!

legato *mf*

she was neat and will - ing O, A - hang - ing out her lin - en clothes; And
 she was neat and will - ing O, A - roll - ing down her lin - en clothes; And
 she was neat and will - ing O, A - iron - ing of her lin - en clothes; And
 she was neat and will - ing O, A - wear - ing of her lin - en clothes; And

driv - ing a - way at the smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a - way, And
 driv - ing a - way at the smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a - way, And
 driv - ing a - way at the smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a - way, And
 driv - ing a - way at the smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a - way, And

driv - ing a - way at the smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a - way. 4-6
 driv - ing a - way at the smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a - way.
 driv - ing a - way at the smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a - way.
 driv - ing a - way at the smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a - way.

Last verse
 way.

THE ROBBER

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante maestoso

VOICE

1. When I was eight - een I took a wife; I
fa - ther - cried: O, my dar - ling - sor! My

PIANO

mf

sfx

f

loved her dear - ly as I loved my life; And
wife she wept and cried: I am un - done! My

mf

to main - tain her both fine and gay, I went a - rob - bing, I
moth - er - tore her white locks and cried: O, in his cra - dle, O

p

cresc.

went a - rob - bing on the King's high-way. I nev - er robb'd an - y
in his cra - dle he should have died! When I am dead and go

sf *p e legato*

poor man yet, And I was nev - er in a trades-man's debt; But I
to my grave, A flash-y fu - ne - ral let me have; Let

mf

robb'd the lords and the la - dies gay, And car - ried home the gold, And
none but bold rob - bers fol - low me, Give them good broad swords, Give

car - ried home the gold to my love straight-way. To Cu - pid's gar - den I
them good broad swords and lib - er - ty. May six pret - ty maid - ens bear

cresc. *dim.* *mf*

did a way, To Cu-pid's gar-den for to
up my pall, And let them have white gloves and

see the play; Lord Field-ing's gang there did me pur-sue, And
rib-bons all; That they may say when they speak the truth: There

I was ta-ken, And I was ta-ken by the
goes a wild youth, There goes a wild and a

1. curs-ed crew. 2. My wick-ed youth.

JOHN BARLEYCORN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato e maestoso

VOICE

There were three kings came

PIANO

*mf**p*

from the West, Their vic - to - ry to try; And they have tak - en a

sol - emn oath, John Bar - ley-corn should die.

Fol the dol the

cresc.

did-i-ay,—

Fol the dol the did-i-ay-ge-wo.

*mf**mf*

They took a plough and plough'd him in, Laid clods up - on his

p e legato

head; And they have tak - en a sol - emn oath, John

Bar - ley - corn is dead. Fol the dol the did - i - ay, —

cresc.

Fol the dol the did - i - ay - ge - wo.

So there he lay for a full fort-night, Till the dew on him did fall: Then

Bar - ley - corn_sprang up a - gain, And that sur-prised them all.

Fol the dol the did-i - ay,— Fol the dol the did- i-ay-ge-wo.

There he re - main'd till

mid - sum - mer, And look'd both pale and wan; Then

Bar - ley - corn— he got a beard, And so be - came a

man. Fol the dol the did - i - ay, —

Fol the dol the did - i - ay - ge - wo.

Then they sent men with scythes so sharp, To

mf

cut him off at knee; And then poor John - ny

Bar - ley - corn, They served him bar - b'rous - ly.

cresc. *f*

Fol the dol the did-i - ay, — Fol the dol the did-i - ay - ge - wo. —

più lento

O Bar-ley-corn is the choi-cest grain That

più lento

rall. e cresc. *ff*

e'er was sown on— land; It will do more than an - y grain, By the

con forza

turn - ing of your hand. Fol the dol the did-i - ay,—

f

Fol the dol the did-i-ay-ge-wo. —

dim. *p* *morendo* *pp*

85 POOR OLD HORSE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante

VOICE

1. When

PIANO

I was young and in my prime And in my sta - ble lay, They
mas - ter used to ride me out And tie me to a stile, And
gave to me the best of corn And the best of clo - ver hay. Poor old
he was court - ing the mil - ler's girl While I could trot a mile. Poor old
horse! Poor old mare! 1.
horse! Poor old mare! 2. My

2.

3. Now I am old and done for, And
lay my tot - t'ring legs so low, That
hide I'll give to the hunts - man, My

fit for noth - ing at all, I'm forced to eat the
have run ver - y far, O'er hed - ges and o'er
shoes I'll throw a - way: The hounds shall eat my

sour grass That grows a - long the wall. Poor old
ditch - es, O'er turn - pike gate and bar. Poor old
rot - ten flesh And that's how I'll de - cay. Poor old

horse! Poor old mare! 4. Then
horse! Poor old mare! 5. My
horse! Poor old mare!

First and second times *Third time*

86

BOTANY BAY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

VOICE

1. Come, all young men of learn-ing good, A warn-ing take by
char-ac-ter was ta-ken, And I was sent to

PIANO

me.
gaol.

I'll have you quit night-walk-ing And shun bad com-pa-
My par-ents tried to clear me But noth-ing would pre-

ny;
vail.

I'll have you quit night-walk-ing Or else you'll rue the
'Twas at our Rut-land ses-sions The Judge to me did

cresc.

day,
say:

And you will be trans-ported And go to Bo-tany Bay. 2. I
The Ju-ry's found you guilt-y, You must go to Bo-tany Bay. 4. To

was brought up in Lon - don town, A — place I — know full well; Brought
see my poor old fa - ther As — he — stood at the bar. Like -

up by hon - est par - ents, The truth to you I'll tell. Brought up by hon - est
wise my dear old moth - er Her old graylocks she tore. And in tear - ing of her

cresc. *mf* *cresc.*

par - ents, Who loved me ten - der - ly, Till I be - came a
old gray locks These words to me she did say: O son! O son! what

f *cresc.* *ff*

rov - ing blade To — prove my — des - ti - ny. 1. 2.
hast thou done? Thou art bound for — Bo - ta - ny 3. My Bay.

mf *f* *rall.*

ADMIRAL BENBOW

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato

VOICE

PIANO

f marcato *mf*

1. Come all you sea-men bold and draw
3. Says Kir-by un-to Wade: We will
5. Brave Ben-bow lost his legs by chain

near, and draw near, Come all you sea-men bold and draw
run, we will run, Says Kir-by un-to Wade: We will
shot, by chain shot, Brave Ben-bow lost his legs by chain

near: It's of an ad-miral's fame, O brave Ben-bow was his
run. For I val-ue no dis-grace, Nor the los-ing of my
shot. Brave Ben-bow lost his legs, And all on his stumps he

name, How he fought all on the main, you shall hear, you shall
place, But the en-e-my I won't face, nor his guns, nor his
begs Fight on my Eng-lish lads, 'tis our lot, 'tis our

hear. guns. lot.

2. Brave Ben - bow he set sail, for to fight, for to
4. The Ru - by and Ben - bow fought the French, fought the
6. The sur - geon dress'd his wounds, cries Ben - bow, cries Ben -

fight, ——— Brave Ben - bow he set sail, ——— for to fight. Brave
French, ——— The Ru - by and Ben - bow ——— fought the French. They
bow, ——— The sur - geon dress'd his wounds, cries Ben - bow: Let a

Ben - bow he set sail with a fine and pleas - ant gale, But his
fought them up and down, till the blood came trick - ling down, Till the
cra - dle now in haste, on the quar - ter - deck be placed, That the

Cap - tains they turn'd tail, in a fright, in a fright.
blood came trick - ling down, where they lay, where they lay.
en - e - my I may face, till I die, till I die.

BOLD NELSON'S PRAISE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto maestoso

VOICE

1 Bold Nel-son's praise I'm go-ing to sing,
Buo-na - parte he threat - en'd war, A

PIANO

mf

dim.

p

mf

(Not for - get-ting our glo - rious King,) He al - ways did good ti - dings bring, For
man who fear'd not wound nor scar, But still he lost at Tra - fal - gar Where

f

mf

he was a bold com - man - der. There was Syd-ney Smith and Dun-can too, Lord
Bri - tain't was vic - to - rious. Lord Nel-son's ac - tions made him quake, And

f

marcato

Howe and all the glo-rious crew; They were the men that were true blue.
all French pow'rs he made to shake; He said his king he'd ne'er for-sake.

Full of care, Yet I swear None with Nel-son could com-pare, Not
These last words Thus he spake: Stand true, my lads, like hearts of oak, And the

e - ven Al - ex - an - der. 1. 2. Bold 3. Lord
bat - tle shall be glo - rious.

Nel-son bold, though threat-en'd wide, And ma-ny a time he had been tried, He

fought like a he - ro till he died A - mid the bat-tle go - ry. But the

f *marcato*

day was won, their line was broke, While all a - round was lost in smoke, And

sfz

Nel - son he got his death-stroke. That's the man For old Eng-land! He

mf

faced his foe with his sword in hand And he lived and he died in his glo - ry.

cresc. *f* *ff colla voce* *sfz*

SPANISH LADIES

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. Fare - well and a -
2. We hove our ship
3. The first land we

PIANO

f *p* *basso marcato*

dieu to — you, Span - ish la - dies, Fare - well and a -
to sight - ed with the wind from sou' - west, boys, We hove our ship
was call - ed the Dod - man, Next Rame Head off

dieu to you, la - dies of Spain; For we've re - ceived
to, deep sound - ings to take; 'Twas for - ty - five
Ply - mouth, off Ports - mouth the Wight; We sail - ed by

resc. *mp*

or - ders for to sail for old Eng - land, But we hope in a
 fath - oms, with a white sand - y bot - tom, So we squared our main
 Beach - y, by Fair - light and Do - ver, And then we bore

cresc. *f*

più rall. *a tempo* Chorus
 short time to see you a gain. We will rant and we'll
 yard and up the chan - nel did make. light. }
 up for the South Fore - land

più rall. cresc. *a tempo* *sfz* *f*

roar like true Brit - ish sail - ors, We'll rant and we'll roar all

mf *cresc.*

on the salt seas, Un - til we strike sound - ings in the

f

chan - nel of old Eng - land: From U - shant to Scil - ly is

più rall. 1-4 5
thir - ty - five leagues. lass.

più rall. *a tempo* *dim.* *cresc.* *sfz* *ff rall.*

4.

5.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to lie;
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper!
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,
And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass;
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass.

Chorus. We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England:
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

THE SHIP IN DISTRESS

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto maestoso

VOICE

1. Ye sea-men bold that plough the o-cean, See
rats and mice, how they did eat them, Their

PIANO

p

non legato

p

dan-gers lands - men nev - er know, 'Tis for no hon - our nor pro - mo - tion, No —
hun-ger for to ease, we hear. And in the midst of all their tri - als Cap -

cresc.

tongue can tell what they un - der - go. There's blus-t'rous wind, and the heat of bat-tle, Where
tain and men bore an e - qual share. At — last there came a — scant up-on them, A

sfz

mf

there's no back door to run a - way; But thun-d'ring can nons-
dis - mal tale most cer - tain - ly. Poor fel - lows they stood

loud - ly rat - tle. There's dan - ger both by night and day. 2. There
in a too - roo, Cast - ing of lots as to who should die. 4. This

was a ship of di - vers pla - ces, Long time she sail - ed a - long the seas. The
lot did fall on one poor fel - low, Whose fam - il - y was ver - y great, The

weath - er be - ing so un - cer - tain, Drew her to great ex - trem - i - ties. Noth -
men they did la - ment his sor - row, But to la - ment it was too late. I'm

ing was left these poor souls to cher-ish; For want of food they are fee-ble grown,— Poor
free to die, but, — mess-mate-broth-ers, Let some-one up to the top-mast stay — And

mf *p*

fel-lows, they will sure-ly per-ish, They're wast-ed now to skin and bone. 3. The
see what there he can dis-cov-er, Whilst I un-to the

p *p* *non legato*

Lord do pray. 5. I think I see a ship a-sail-ing, Come—

legato *non legato*

bear-ing down with some re-lief. As soon as this glad—

cresc.

news was shout - ed It ban - ished all their care and grief. We

hailed her, all was now pro - vid - ed. Both food and drink they

grudged it not The ship brought to, no lon - ger drift - ing, Safe in - to Lis - bon

har - bour got.

COME ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIAN MEN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante serioso

VOICE

1. Come all you worth-y — Chris - tian men, That
all you worth-y — Chris - tian men, That

PIANO

dwel up - on — this land, Don't spend your time in — ri - ot - ing: Re -
are so ver - y poor, Re - mem - ber how poor — La - za - rus — Lay —

mem - ber you're but man. Be — watch - ful for your lat - ter end; Be —
at the rich man's door, While beg - ging of the crumbs of bread That —

read - y when you're call'd. There are ma - ny chan - ges — in this world; Some —
from his ta - ble — fell. The — Scrip - tures do in - form us all That in

rise while oth-ers fall. 2. Now, Job he was a pa-tient man, The rich-est in the
heav-en he doth dwell. 4. The time, a-las, it soon will come When part-ed we shall

East: When he was brought to pov-er-ty, His sor-rows soon in-creased. He-
be; But all the dif-frence it will make is in joy and mis-er-ry. And

bore them all most pa-tient-ly; From sin he did re-frain; He al-ways trust-ed
we must give a strict ac-count Of great as well as small: Be-lieve me now, dear

in the Lord; He soon got rich a-gain. 3. Come
Chris-tian friends, That God will judge us all.

92 WASSAIL SONG

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

VOICE *Moderato*

1. Was - sail and was - sail — all o - ver the

PIANO *mf* *p*

town, The cup — it is white and the ale — it is brown; The

mf marcato *cresc.* *f* *mf*

cup — it is made of the good old ash - en tree, And so is our

beer of the best — bar — — ley. To you — a was — sail! Aye, and

più lento *a tempo*

p più lento *mf* *a tempo*

joy come to our — jol — — ly was — sail.

mf

2. O maid, — O maid, with your sil - ver - head - ed
 3. O maid, — O maid, with your glove — and your
 4. O mas - ter and mis - tress, if you are so well
 5. O mas - ter and mis - tress, if we've done an - y

pin, mace, pleased harm, Pray o - - pen the door — — — and
 Pray come un - to this door — — — and
 Pray set all on your ta - - ble your
 Pray pull — — fast this door — — — and

let us all in, All for to fill our
show your pret - ty face, For we are tru - ly
white bread and your cheese, And put forth your roast
let us pass a - - long, And give us heart - y

was - sail - bowl and so a - way a - gain.
wear - - y of stand - ing in this place.
beef, your por - rops and your pies. To
thanks for sing - ing of our song.)

più lento

you a was - sail! Aye, and joy come to our

a tempo

più lento *mf*

jol - ly was - sail.

D.S.

mf *dim.* *pp*

IT'S A ROSEBUD IN JUNE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante sostenuto

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. It's a rose-bud in

June and vio - lets in full bloom, And the small birds sing - ing love -

mf

songs on each spray; We'll pipe and we'll sing, Love, We'll dance in a

mf

rit.

ring, Love, When each lad takes his lass all on the green grass; And it's

p

a tempo

all _____ to plough— Where the fat ox - en graze low, And the *a tempo*

colla voce *mf*

lads and the lass - es to — sheep-shear - ing go.

cresc. *f* *f*

2. When— we have a - shear'd all our jol - ly, jol - ly

dim. *p e legato*

sheep, What— joy can be great - er than to talk of their in - crease?

We'll— pipe and we'll sing,— Love, We'll— dance in a ring,— Love, When each

mf

lad takes his lass All— on the green grass; And it's all— to

rit.

p

colla voce

plough— Where the fat ox—en graze low, And the lads and the lass—es to—

a tempo

a tempo

mf

cresc.

f

sheep—shear—ing go.

f

dim.

p

A BRISK YOUNG SAILOR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante doloroso

VOICE

1. A brisk young sail - or came court - ing
4. I wish to God that my babe was

PIANO

p e legato

me Un - til he gain - ed my li - ber - ty. He stole my
born, Sat smil - ing all on its fa - ther's knee; And I in

*cresc.**cresc.*

heart with free good will And he's got it now, but I love him still.
my cold grave was lain With the green grass grow - ing all o - ver me.

*mf**dim.**p*

2. There is an ale-house in yon-der town Where my love goes and he sits him
5. There is a bird all in yon-der tree; Some say he's blind and he can-not

mf

down, He takes some strange girl on his knee And he tells her what he does not tell
see. I wish it'd been the same by me Be - fore I'd gain'd my love's com - pa -

me. 3. Hard grief for me and I'll tell you why, Be-cause that
ny. 6. The green-est field it shall be my bed; A flow-'ry

she has more gold than I. Her gold will waste, her beau-ty pass, And she'll come like
pil - low shall rest my head, The leaves which blow from tree to tree They shall be the

me, a poor girl, at last.
cov - er - lets o - ver

1. 2.

me.
1. 2.

p più rall.

THE SHEEP-SHEARING

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto

VOICE

1. How de - light - ful to see, In those eve - nings in
as for those sheep, They're de - light - ful to

PIANO

*p**p legato*

spring, The sheep go - ing home to the fold: The mas - ter doth
see, They're a bless - ing to a man on his farm. For their flesh it is

sing, As he views ev - 'ry - thing, And his dog goes be - fore him where
good, It's the best of all food, And the wool it will clothe us up

told, And his dog goes be - fore him where told.
warm, And the wool it will clothe us up warm.

2. The sixth
4. Now, the

month of the year, In the month call - ed June, When the weath - er's too
sheep they're all shorn, And the wool car - ried home, Here's a health to our

hot to be borne, The mas - ter doth say, As he goes on his
mas - ter and flock; And, if we should stay, Till the last goes a -

way: To - mor - row my sheep shall be shorn, To - mor - row my
way, I'm a - fraid 'twill be past twelve o' - clock, I'm a - fraid 'twill be

sheep shall be shorn. 3. Now
past twelve o' - clock.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato
p *rall.*

VOICE
On the twelfth day of Christ-mas my true Love sent to me

PIANO
p *rall.* 3

Lento
mf

Twelve bells a - ring - ing, E - lev - en bulls a - beat - ing,

Ten ass - es ra - cing, Nine la - dies dan - cing,

accel. poco a poco e cresc.

Eight boys a - sing - ing, Seven swans a - swim - ming, Six geese a - lay - ing,

accel. poco a poco e cresc.

Five gold - ie rings, Four col - ley birds, Three French hens,

This system contains the first three measures of the song. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'Five gold - ie rings, Four col - ley birds, Three French hens,'.

Two tur - tle - doves And the part of the mis - tle - toe bough —

a tempo *D.C.*

This system contains the next three measures. It includes the tempo marking 'a tempo' and the double bar line with repeat sign 'D.C.'. The piano accompaniment features a forte 'f' dynamic marking in the second measure.

Twelfth verse *)
On the first day of Christ-mas my true Love sent to me

This system contains the next three measures, starting with the 'Twelfth verse' indicated by an asterisk. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure.

One gold - ie ring, And the part of a June ap - ple tree. —

rall.

This system contains the final three measures of the song. It includes the tempo marking 'rall.' (rallentando) above the vocal line and below the piano accompaniment.

*) See Note upon this song in the Preface.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

FIRST VOICE SECOND VOICE FIRST VOICE

1. Come and I will sing to you. What will you sing to me? I will sing you one-e-ry
2. two-e-ry
etc., etc.

PIANO

mf

SECOND VOICE

What is your one-e-ry? One and One is all a-lone, and ev-er-more shall be— so.

2. two-e-ry?
etc., etc.

f marcato

più rall.

D.C.

2nd Verse FIRST VOICE

Two and two are li-ly-white babes a-cloth-ed all in green, O!

più rall.

One and One is all a-lone, and ev-er-more shall be— so.

f marcato

più rall.

3rd Verse FIRST VOICE

Three of them are thri - vers, And two and two are li - ly - white babes a - etc.

etc.

4th Verse FIRST VOICE

Four are the gos - pel ma - kers. Three of them are thri - vers, And two and two are etc.

etc.

etc.

etc.

etc.

12th Verse FIRST VOICE

Twelve are the twelve A - pos - tles. E - lev - en and e - lev - en are the keys of heav - en, And

ten are the ten com - mand - ments. Nine are the nine that bright - ly shine, And eight are the eight com -

man-ders. Sev-en are the sev-en stars in the sky, And six are the six broad wait-ers.

Five are the flam-boys un-der the boat, And four are the gos-pel ma-kers. Three of them are

thri-vers, And two and two are li-ly-white babes a-cloth-ed all in

green, O! One and One is all a-lone, and ev-er-more shall be—so.

più rall.

f marcato *f più rall.*

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. *1st voice* Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice What will you sing to me?
1st voice I will sing one one-e-ry.
2nd voice What is your one-e-ry?
1st voice One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

2. *1st voice* Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice What will you sing to me?
1st voice I will sing you two-e-ry.
2nd voice What is your two-e-ry?
1st voice Two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

3. *1st voice* Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice What will you sing to me?
1st voice I will sing you three-e-ry.
2nd voice What is your three-e-ry?
1st voice Three of them are thrivers,
And two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

4. *1st voice* Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice What will you sing to me?
1st voice I will sing you four-e-ry.
2nd voice What is your four-e-ry?
1st voice Four are gospel makers.
Three of them are thrivers,
And two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

(The remaining verses are sung after the manner of all cumulative songs, i.e. each verse deals with the next highest number and contains a new line. The additional lines are shown in the last and twelfth verse which follows.)

12. *1st voice* Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice What will you sing to me?
1st voice I will sing you twelve-e-ry.
2nd voice What is your twelve-e-ry?
1st voice Twelve are the twelve apostles.
Eleven and eleven are the keys of heaven,
And ten are the ten commandments.
Nine are the nine that brightly shine,
And eight are the eight commanders.
Seven are the seven stars in the sky,
And six are the six broad waiters.
Five are the flamboys under the boat,
And four are the gospel makers.
Three of them are thrivers,
And two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

THE TREE IN THE WOOD

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. All— in a wood there was a tree, And a fun-ny and a cu-rious

PIANO

mf

tree; And the tree was in the wood, And the wood lay down in the

val-ley— be - low, And the wood lay down in the val-ley— be - low, be - low.

2. And on this tree there was a bough, And a fun-ny and a cu-rious bough; And the

bough was on the tree, And the tree was in the wood, And the wood lay down in the

val-ley be-low, And the wood lay down in the val-ley be-low, be-low.

1.

All in a wood there was a tree,
And a funny and a curious tree;
And the tree was in the wood,
And the wood lay down in the valley below.

2.

And on this tree there was a bough,
And a funny and a curious bough;
And the bough was on the tree,
And the tree was in the wood,
And the wood lay down in the valley below.

3.

And on this bough there was a twig,
And a funny and a curious twig;
And the twig was on the bough,
And the bough was on the tree,
And the tree was in the wood,
And the wood lay down in the valley below.

4.

And on this twig there was a nest,
And a funny and a curious nest;
And the nest was on the twig,
And the twig was on the bough,
And the bough was on the tree,
And the tree was in the wood,
And the wood lay down in the valley below

5.

And in this nest there was an egg,
And a funny etc.

6.

And in this egg there was a bird,
And a funny etc.

7.

And on this bird there was a head,
And a funny etc.

8.

And on this head there was a feather,
And a funny and a curious feather;
And the feather was on the head,
And the head was on the bird,
And the bird was in the egg,
And the egg was in the nest,
And the nest was on the twig,
And the twig was on the bough,
And the bough was on the tree,
And the tree was in the wood,
And the wood lay down in the valley below.

* This measure is sung twice in the third verse, three times in the fourth verse, etc. etc.

THE BARLEY-MOW

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

VOICE *Moderato* *(Solo)* *(Chorus)*

O I will drink out of the nip-per-kin, boys; So

PIANO *mf* *mf*

here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. The nip-per-kin and the brown bowl!— So

here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. O I will drink out of the

(Chorus) *(Solo)*

pint, my boys, So here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. The pint, the

(Chorus) (Solo)

nip-per-kin and the brown bowl. So here's a good health to the bar - ley-mow. O

(Chorus) (Solo)

I will drink out of the quart, my boys; So here's a good health to the bar - ley-mow. The

mf

(Chorus)

quart, the pint, the nip - per - kin and the brown bowl. — So

D.S.

here's a good health to the bar - ley - mow. O

D.S. last verse

p

*) There will be three $\frac{3}{8}$ measures in the next verse, four in the fifth verse, and so on.
These measures must be sung with increasing speed as the song develops.

THE BARLEY-MOW

- Solo.* 1. O I will drink out of the nipperkin, boys;
Chorus. *So here's a good health to the barley mow.*
 The nipperkin and the brown bowl.
So here's a good health to the barley mow.
2. O I will drink out of the pint, my boys;
So here's a good health to the barley mow.
 The pint, the nipperkin and the brown bowl.
So here's a good health to the barley mow.
3. O I will drink out of the quart, my boys;
So here's a good health to the barley mow.
 The quart, the pint, the nipperkin and the brown bowl.
So here's a good health to the barley mow.

The song proceeds after the usual manner of cumulative songs, an additional measure being added to each verse. The last verse runs as follows:—

13. O I will drink out of the clouds, my boys;
So here's a good health to the barley mow.
 The clouds, the ocean, the sea, the river, the well, the tub, the
 but, the hogshead, the keg, the gallon, the quart, the
 pint, the nipperkin and the brown bowl.
So here's a good health to the barley mow.

ONE MAN SHALL MOW MY MEADOW

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto

VOICE

1. One man shall mow my mead-ow — Two

PIANO

p

men shall gath-er it to - geth - er, — Two men, one man and one more Shall

D. S.

shear my lambs and ewes and rams, And gath-er my gold to - geth-er. —

D. S. Last time

mf

p

2.

Three men shall mow my meadow,
Four men shall gather it together,
Four men, three men, two men, one man,
and one more,
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams,
And gather my gold together.

3.

Five men shall mow my meadow,
Six men shall gather it together,
Six men, five men, four men, three men,
* two men, one man, and one more,
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams,
And gather my gold together.

(And so on *ad lib.*)

* This measure must be played twice in the 2nd verse, three times in the 3rd verse, and so on.

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Music

